The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 169. WEEK ENDING JAN. 27TH, 1912. ONE PENNY.

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SECOND FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

ENTRY FORM.

For particulars see page 541.

Matches to be played on Saturday, January 27. Write *in ink* the scores which you consider will be made by the respective teams.

	Goals.		Goals.
Woolwich Arsenal		**v. Sheffield U.**	
Everton		**v. Aston Villa**	
Bristol City		**v. Leeds City**	

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in THE MODERN MAN. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

Number of Postal Order.....

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Another McKinley bargain! The new "Derby" mackintosh for winter wear. Made from special heavy-weight water-proof coating of excellent quality, and cut in latest style. Well worth 25s. Our price 18s. 6d., carriage paid. Ready for service, in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket), with remittance. Money returned if you are not satisfied.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

Money Saved. Handsome Tweeds, Homespuns, in lengths.—Patterns, 96, Salop Street, Dudley.

SPORTS & PASTIMES.

Conjuring Catalogue Free. Please send early.—Vandy, 193, Regent Street, (Dept. M.M.), London.

SITUATIONS VACANT & WANTED.

For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's Advertisement, page 554.

Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" high-speed Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve easy lessons. Eighty words per minute in four weeks. Used by fastest official Parliamentary Reporters daily. Holds the world's speed record. Simple, rapid, legible, practical. New illustrated handbook, with testimonials and specimen lesson, gratis and post free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London, W.C. Telephone 6111 Holborn.

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Particulars of a most astounding offer in connection with a world-famous strength course sent free.—Futty, 69, Chiltern Street, Hull.

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Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

MEDICAL, &c.

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Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

5,000 to clear. 7s. 6d. safety razor with extra blades, 1s. 1d., post free.—Box 4604, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Enjoy the long winter evenings playing "Puppet Peers," the new card games, for 2 to 7 players. Humorous, scientific, and amusing. Endless fun. 1s. 3d., post free.—Publishers, 551, County Road, Liverpool.

Employ Yourself. Our book contains 400 Real Trade Secrets and the Know How; 1s. 2d., post paid.—Porrett, Publisher, Limefield, Bury, Lancs.

A Rare Chance.—Unique 21s. Safety Razor, with seven blades, heavily nickelled, in leatherette case, lined silk; bargain, 4s. 1d. each, post free; approval willingly.—Box 4594, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Amusing Money-Making Novelties, Puzzles.—Particulars, Hyams, 19, Ellis Street, Birmingham.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Uallwin.—League Member offers Two Original "Tit Bits" "Heads or Tails" for Sixpence.—Box 4655, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

A Fountain Pen for 7d., post free. Our latest invention, the "Swift" Fountain Pen, is an absolutely world's wonder; always ready for use; best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. today to Box 4597, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 8d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Wanted, American Roll Top Desk; must be in good condition and cheap. Useful exchange, or buy for cash.—Box 4644, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

"The Modern Man" pocket knife, a treasure, two fine steel blades, in fine English Oxydised steel handles, best make, post free 1s. 1d.; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4596, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Recruits Wanted for Smart London Yeomanry Regiment. — Particulars from Box 4654, "The Modern Man, 21, Tudor Street, London.

Valuable Book, containing 129 Ways of Making Money in Spare Time, 41 Profitable Schemes for Small Capitalists, 220 Priceless Trade Secrets, and 147 Patent Medicine Formulas, only 1s. 2d. post paid.—Wilkes, Publishers, Stockton, Rugby.

Immediate — only intimation — Prize-winning Solutionist desires few clients for Competitions, Answers, &c. Extraordinary terms and trials free.—Apply Box 4653, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Don't waste money on "Safety Razor Toys." Get my book, "How to Shave in Comfort." I explain how to "strop" and how to "use" your "existing tackle." Send at once P.O. 1s., post free.—Address, Mr. Harrison, c.o. E. Jackson, Hairdresser, Rawmarsh, Rotherham.

Wanted, Billiard Table, with all accessories; must be in good condition and cheap.—Write in first case, Box No. 4646, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

..... Cut here .....

PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of THE MODERN MAN Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib.

For particulars see page 559.

Cut here

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COUPON for our "DOUBLES" COMPETITION.

For particulars see page 545.

MY "DOUBLE"

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....*Cut Here*.....

The Modern Man

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CHEEK.

Some not entirely satisfied patients are said to have remarked about the threepenny practitioner, Dr. Jelley, that he is not all jam, by any means.

* * *

A new play is mooted, called "The Joker." It is only on the cards, of course.

* * *

Excerpt from the "Evening News": "Hochdruckmuffenverbindung, a German word which appears to mean 'high-pressure-socket joint,' would be useful (the 'Academy' thinks) when one hits his thumb instead of the nail." Might I ask the "Academy"—or the "Evening News"—to whose thumb this pretty little sentence refers?

* * *

Why was C. Easton-Grey?

* * *

Because he thought Adam Stern.

* * *

I wonder if the much Press-boomed escape of Captain Lux from a German fortress was engineered by a well-known firm of soap manufacturers.

* * *

The lady who has invented a wrinkle-removing device may be said to have struck out a new line—and a lot of old ones as well.

* * *

RINGS FOR THE BELLE.

[Miss Gabrielle Ray is to marry Mr. Loder.—*Daily Papers.*]

A hubby's been found, so the newspapers say,
For Gaiety George's bright sunshiny Ray.
And doubtless, to save matrimonial rifts,
The bridegroom will prudently Loder with gifts.

* * *

Says a somewhat didactic writer, "It is not often that any good comes from Holland." Such a statement is not the cheese, by any means. Does not a very famous person chant the praises of his "Dear old Dutch"? And how about that "Gin a body" that we all enjoy so?

* * *

It is evidently with the principle of "sweets to the sweet" in his mind that Mr. Eustace Miles is such an earnest protagonist of "nuts to the nut."

* * *

A contemporary shrieks a protest against what it calls "West-End Shebeens." These, I suppose, are the sort of places that make a man wonder "Where has she been?" what?

* * *

"Ne Sutor Ultra Crepidam" is a police court echo—in connection with a certain ex-lieutenant of the British Army.

* * *

A weekly paper publishes a highly-spiced column, headed "Things I Know But Must Not Tell." One thing that I know is why our contemporary must not tell.

J. S. Cox.

WHEN JEW MET JEW.

Sir Rufus Isaacs has made many great efforts, but perhaps his greatest was his defence of Mr. Bob Sievier when the latter was accused of blackmailing Mr. J. B. Joel.

When Sir Rufus accepted the brief, Mr. Sievier's solicitors expressed relief, saying that they had been afraid the famous counsel might not care to appear against a fellow Jew.

"I don't think you will find that that will make any difference to me," was Sir Rufus's quiet reply.

As a matter of fact, it is commonly said that Sir Rufus threw himself into the case with extra zeal because when he was on the Stock Exchange he had suffered through some financial jugglery of the Joels.

Anyway, he showed a passion and a fire in his memorable speech for the defence that were most unusual in a counsel who, as a rule, is studiously quiet and restrained.

BOXING ON POINTS.

The latest boxing crusade—that against the knock-out blow—will have the effect of bringing into prominence the method of boxing on points.

Nominally all contests nowadays are supposed to be fought out on points; but in every big one, and in many little ones, each man tries to knock the other out, and so win, whether he is leading on points or not.

So far as the spectator is concerned, there is perhaps no tamer exhibition to watch than a boxing contest on points. You might just as well watch a fencing bout. Another thing against it is that hardly anybody knows which has won; and certainly the loser doesn't think he is beaten.

It will be a great blow to boxing if the knock-out really is abolished, for it is the only satisfactory way of deciding the superiority of one boxer over another; and it is quite harmless. One good result of the "points only" system, however, would be the gradual disappearance of the kidney punch, for this blow does not count any points.

STEEPLECHASE RULES.

No steeplechase may be run over a distance of less than two miles, except in the case of hurdle races confined to three-year-olds, and run between September 1 and December 31 inclusive, when a minimum distance of one mile and a half is allowed.

In all steeplechase courses there must be at least twelve fences (exclusive of hurdles) in the first two miles, and at least six fences, again exclusive of hurdles, in each succeeding mile.

There must be a water jump at least twelve feet wide and two feet deep, and in each mile at least one ditch six feet wide and two feet deep on the take-off side of the fence, which fence must be at least four feet six inches high and, if of dead brushwood or gorse, two feet in width.

In all hurdle races there must be at least six flights of hurdles in the first mile and a half, with an additional flight for each quarter of a mile or part of one beyond that distance. Hurdles must be not less than three feet six inches in height from top bar to bottom bar.

HOLDING UP HOLBORN.

The late Tom Browne, R.I., funniest of artists and best of good fellows, was fond of relating the following yarn.

Mr. Browne was an enthusiastic member of the Yeomanry, and one night his squadron had a dinner at the Holborn Restaurant. After dessert some wag took a magnum of champagne (empty), marched out, and placed it in the centre of the road.

What followed was remarkable: 'Bus-drivers, seeing the obstacle, carefully drove past it, a large crowd assembled, policemen arrived and stood gazing solemnly at the bottle. Eventually the press grew so thick that traffic was practically stopped, but still the bottle stood unharmed.

When the excitement was at its highest the originator of the joke, with a highly official air and a "by your leave, please," pushed his way through the crowd, picked up the bottle and solemnly marched back into the restaurant.

It was then that the mob realised they had been "had," and dissolved into laughter.

If you doubt the possibility of such a thing happening, remember how easily a London crowd will assemble to watch a man cleaning a window or a fallen cab horse—if such be left.

A TRUE STORY.

By FRANK SCUDAMORE.

It was the hour of " stables " in the camel lines. That is to say that it was soon after dawn, and that the first pipe having drawn the bitter chill of the Sudan night out of the throats of the men of the camel corps, they had ceased to cough and hawk, and were prepared to face the manifold duties of the day with resignation, and maybe with some anticipation of fun, for this novelty of camel-grooming offered every prospect of unexpected happenings, and many of these were laughter-impelling.

The great beasts themselves regarded " stables " with the liveliest resentment. The camel, to be sure, resents everything. He lives in an atmosphere of intense dissatisfaction. He hates being loaded, but complains no less bitterly when his burden is removed at the end of the day. He so hates being watered, that, unless restrained, he will incontinently fall into the river and drown himself. He will even bite at the hand that feeds him, albeit that of his familiar desert Arab, with a smell worse than his own.

This latest insult of the currycomb and dandy-brush the camel resented most of all. Never since the first of his race left the Ark had any attempt been made to swab the decks of the ship of the desert until now.

This morning a big crowd was present. A tale had gone around of a portly major, attired in blue silk pyjamas, a shaving-brush, and one slipper, who had for an hour sprinted feverishly round and round a straw hut with a wide-jawed, ten-foot high camel in close attendance, what time the onlookers so screamed with laughter as to be unable to render assistance.

One never knew what might happen in the camel lines, which, it may be said, was, indeed, one reason for the strained vigilance with which Sergeant Whiteside, of D. Squadron, kept close observation on the motley groups around him.

In truth, Whiteside had other reasons for cautious observation. For one, there had been of late a constant, irritating succession of thefts of camel bridles, and, for a second, it had come to the knowledge of the intelligence department that we were harbouring a good many of the enemy's spies in our camps; while, for the third, was the fact that a reconnaissance was contemplated to the oasis of Kab, one hundred miles distant, in the Western desert, whence strange movements of the enemy were reported, and that it behoved that all preparations for the dispatch of this small force should be kept as secret as possible.

Whiteside was something more than a good cavalryman and efficient non-com. A man of gifts and acumen, he had had the advantage of several years' sojourn in Palestine, where, in the suite of a future great field-marshal, he had held a humble position on the Palestine exploration survey. During these years he had not only acquired a commanding knowledge of Arabic, but had also gained much insight into Arab character and the trend and workings of the native mind.

This morning Whiteside was specially alert. Many natives were in the camel lines who would have been allowed nowhere else in camp; but as yet the white men were as babies in the matter of feeding and tending their cumbrous charges, whose nature, indeed, no European truly understands, and, therefore, much native help was necessary.

It was in this native contingent that both thieves and spies might be looked for. For the first—well, the theft of a camel bridle is to an Arab a matter of instinct. If caught and questioned, he would merely say, " I saw it," and consider the reply an adequate explanation. Thus Whiteside was in no way surprised to observe a little comedy that played itself before him.

Tigram Effendi, the red-haired Syrian interpreter, stood beside a red leather camel saddle (propped high on stakes to foil the white ants) in earnest talk with a tall swart Arab —a stranger, it would seem, but a man of condition, as evidenced by the snowy whiteness of his voluminous robes and the freshness of the great slab of mutton fat that crowned his brush of fuzzy hair. Whiteside, wondering who he might be, saw this fellow deliberately take the bridle from the saddle beside him and place it within his robe. The sheer audacity of the action amazed the onlooker, but, thinking that here was an easy capture, Whiteside moved towards the group, whistling a lively air. He was in no hurry, for escape was impossible; but the fact that the interpreter had not noticed the glaring theft gave to his alert brain a certainty that more lurked in that earnest talk than mere matters of routine; and a moment later his caution had its reward.

" They start," the Syrian was saying, " to-morrow at nightfall; two hundred strong only. I, who am for the cause, give you this warning; but I am a poor man."

" Tut, tut," said the tall Arab, and put up a deprecatory hand. " Here is your guerdon, counted, in this bag. Take it from beneath my sleeve."

Sergeant Whiteside looked around him. A yard or two away Captain Montagu smoked his cigarette.

Whiteside, still whistling, approached him.

" Beg pardon, sir," he murmured, looking away. " Will you please take no notice? "

" Fire away, Sergeant," said Montagu.

Whiteside explained, and added that the stranger was probably not alone, and that by cautious action his comrades might also be taken.

" A good idea," said the Captain. " I'll see that neither of these two leave the lines. Do you have a look round and learn all you can, and come to my quarters to report."

He moved languidly away, and a moment later Whiteside had the satisfaction of seeing the arrival of a fatigue party, armed with shovels and picks, who halted close to where Tigram and his friend were now engaged in a furious argument over the quality of the grain locally supplied.

The non-com. in charge of the party winked as he passed Whiteside.

* * * * * * *

Captain Montagu's hut stood on the high Nile bank, where the rush of the russet flood produced a gentle fanning breeze to cool the feyered air. A glade of sweet-smelling mimosa flanked the little structure, and innumerable bright plumaged birds chippered all day among its branches.

In many places the tall growth overhung the water, spreading far out over the stream, and in these shaded spots, Captain Montagu, eager at all kinds of sport, had anchored great wooden trimmers furnished with stout lines and strong hooks baited with hunks of goat flesh, for the beguilment of the huge cat-fish and other quaint river monsters which abound in this part of the Nile.

Whiteside hastened along the river path to the Captain's quarters. In less than an hour he had gained all the information he required, quite a considerable plot had unfolded itself to him, and he was satisfied that his timely discovery was of far-reaching value to the expeditionary force.

His story was soon told, the necessary dispositions were at once taken for the immediate arrest of Tigram and his fellow conspirators, and Whiteside, his ears glowing with the commendations he had received, strolled back beneath the mimosas towards his own mess.

As he walked, a noise beneath the bank arrested him. The water surged and splashed and bubbled, and looking down, he noted that one of the Captain's trimmers was being violently agitated.

Evidently a great fish thought Whiteside, and looked again. The trimmer was anchored to a tree stump, and the violent struggles of the catch had so fretted the rope that some three strands had parted; in another moment the Nile monster would break away.

Whiteside stooped. He could not hope unaided to land this mighty fish, but he might, perhaps, so fix the rope that it should not escape. With a bit of lanyard he began his task.

Suddenly a hand was placed on his shoulder, and a voice in Arabic hissed at him:

" English swine! " said the voice. It was Tigram's. " I have long suspected you. I am, perhaps, ruined; but you are a dead man."

Whiteside turned swiftly to grapple with his foe. A knife flashed. . . . At the same time the cat-fish gave a mighty pull—the rope broke, and Whiteside and Tigram both fell with a splash into the flood.

* * * * * * *

The great Nile keeps its secrets.

UNLIMITED CASH PRIZES FOR FOOTBALL FORECASTS

Announcement of our Second Football Competition. Results of First Competition will appear next week.

At the time of going to press with this number the closing date of our first football competition has not arrived, but already the response has been most gratifying, and the prize-money to be divided amongst the winners will be a substantial amount. The result of that competition appears next week, and the result of this, our second one, will appear the week after.

The entry form this week is printed on page 538.

To be successful in forecasting the results of matches, one must be well acquainted with the various teams engaged, and also with the factors that make for success in a football match, such as whether a team is playing at home or away. A knowledge of the form and special abilities of the various members of the teams is also very necessary in making such a forecast. Various handbooks are published giving facts regarding the past performances of clubs, but the best guide is the information published in the newspapers as to what clubs have done, or have failed to do, in the present season.

Our competition is an extremely simple one. Our various contemporaries who are running football competitions offer very large sums for the correct forecast of a great number of matches, thus practically making the winning of their prizes impossible. We, on the other hand, have intentionally set our football readers a very simple task, which should not be beyond the ability of every intelligent follower of the game.

As will be observed from our rules, *the prize money will be awarded every week*, no matter whether it be £5 or £500, and whether anyone is absolutely correct or not. We feel that such a course will prove much more satisfactory to competitors than to award a large sum for a complicated solution which is practically impossible of attainment.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THIS COMPETITION

(1). On the entry form appearing on page 538 you will find the names of six teams playing in three matches next Saturday, January 27. Opposite each name fill in the score which you believe that team will make.

(2). In the event of any one of these matches not taking place that match will not be considered in deciding the Competition; the forecasts made concerning it will be disregarded, and the winners will be selected according to the forecasts made for the other two matches.

(3). Every first attempt in this Competition must be accompanied by a postal order for sixpence, payable to THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., and crossed "and Co." You may make six further attempts free of charge. Thus if you send seven attempts, one sixpenny postal order will be sufficient. If you desire to send more attempts than seven, you must enclose a further sixpence with every additional seven solutions.

(4). Every forecast must be written on the Second Football Competition entry form taken from page 538.

(5). Address your letter to "Second Football Competition," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

(6). All attempts must reach us on or before the first post on Thursday, January 25. Results will appear in our issue published on February 5.

(7). We are not responsible for any coupons lost in the post or mislaid, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8). We accept no responsibility for any alterations that may be made in the fixtures given in the entry form.

(9). No correspondence will be entered into in connection with this Competition.

(10). The whole of the prize-money received will be awarded to the competitor who sends us the correct forecast. If more than one competitor does so, the money will be divided. If no one is correct, the prize-money will go to the competitor who has only one error, and if there are more than one with only one error, the prize-money will be divided amongst them; and so on. The money received will be paid out every week to the person or persons whose forecasts are correct, or most nearly correct. Each entry form will be judged independently, and without regard to any others that may accompany it.

(11). Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from competing, as Counsel consider this Competition illegal in Scotland.

(12). The decision published in THE MODERN MAN is final, and competitors may enter only on this understanding.

CATCHING CRAYFISH

A SPORT WITHIN THE REACH OF EVERYONE.

Very few people in this country appreciate the plenitude, the food value, or the sporting qualities of the crayfish or craw-fish, though in France it is much esteemed, no less, it is said, than £20,000 being paid annually for the crayfish consumed in Paris alone.

Every chalk stream in England, and, indeed, every stream that contains the calcareous matter necessary to the formation of the shell of our fresh-water lobster, contains crayfish of an edible nature; but as this crustacean abhors sunlight and heat, those streams, or parts of streams, that run eastward and westward are more frequented by crayfish than are those running north and south.

The man who would go a-fishing for these neglected dainties need not, therefore, waste his time in looking for them in shallow waters, nor in waters that are without shade and exposed to the glare of sunshine.

LYING IN BURROWS.

The crayfish burrows under the banks of streams, lying there with his claws outwards, ready to seize any edible morsel that chance or the current may float past him. His chief food is the larvæ of the mayfly and other insects; but he is—like all of his tribe—not a dainty feeder, and snails, weeds, and offal are all acceptable.

He is a small creature when hatched from the egg, and grows but slowly, averaging an inch in a year, and reaching a length of from six to seven inches, quite a respectable size. He is edible all the year round, though, like trout, he finds but little food during the winter months, and is, therefore, not very plump at the beginning of the year.

One way of catching crayfish is to wade and look for their burrows under the banks. If they are small, the fisherman may insert his finger, which the fish will at once lay hold of as a novel dainty, when it may be easily drawn out and captured. A six-inch crayfish, however, can give one a pretty smart nip, and when wading bare-foot it is just as well not to place one's big toe near the entrance to a burrow.

Another method is to get a basket, weight it with a big stone, and put a piece of somewhat "high" liver in the bottom. On finding a spot frequented by crayfish—which may be disturbed by turning over with a stick some of the stones on the bed of the river—the plan is to lower the basket to the bottom. The little crustaceans will swarm into it at once in search of the liver, when the sportsman will, with great speed and dexterity, haul the basket to the surface and so capture them. If he is slow or slovenly in this manœuvre they will all escape over the rim of the basket before he can lift it clear of the water.

ATTRACTED BY A LIGHT.

Crayfish can be attracted in large numbers at night by displaying a light—an electric torch, for instance—on the banks of the stream. The basket is then brought into play with advantageous results; or, when they are seen flocking curiously to the light after the manner of moths, a minnow net may be used to scoop them out. This method obviates the employment of bait, which, though not technically "live bait," is on the point of becoming so.

Like all shell fish, the crayfish are best eaten immediately after they are dead. They should, therefore, be kept alive until wanted. This may easily be done in a few inches of water with plenty of grass and watercress or weeds in it. The water should be aerated or frequently changed, as they require a good deal of air.

Of a greenish-brown in colour, lighter underneath, when alive, they turn pink when popped into boiling water, and a dish of them, served cold and eaten with mustard and cress, or watercress or lettuce, or any green salad is very appetising. Crayfish soup is a much-esteemed delicacy, known to restaurant menu writers as *bisque d'écrevisse*, in the composition of which the shells pounded are used to enhance the delicate flavour.

The female crayfish is easily told from the male, owing to her much broader tail, and the presence of "crab-eggs," as in the case of the hen lobster.

P. T. PRESTON.

SWINDLES

A CRIMINAL'S REVELATIONS. By WORMWOOD PORTLAND.

2.—A HUNDRED on a HOOK.

[*We desire it to be thoroughly understood that the names of all the people mentioned in these articles are fictitious. Where reference is made to men or women still alive, any indication as to their actual identity has been removed from the manuscript.*—EDITOR.]

On touching my thousand quid, of course I went it a bit, but not strong—at first; and I soon pulled up. I kept my head, and I didn't chuck up my berth with Zebedee.

I admired the old man, and I liked his work. Even with the least shady, and therefore the least interesting, of the things he took on, there was almost always an element of underhandedness that appealed to me. Besides, I had ideas of hatching out something big from my nest-egg by-and-by, so, pending developments, I put it away where I could always find it.

FIRED.

In the meantime I was going on much as usual, to all appearance. But the taste of "life" to which I had treated myself a few times had certainly whetted my appetite, and I was obliged to treat myself to a few more tastes on occasion. Now these indulgences cost money, and the money had to be found. There was no reason why it needed to be my own money, and I therefore from time to time made use of Zebedee's, whose signature was easy of imitation.

I took what was reasonably sufficient without ever overdoing it. Even in the case of the little cheque in connection with which accident betrayed me the amount was only £10.

Of course, Zebedee couldn't prosecute me—that would have been too dangerous a thing for him to do, for I knew too much—but all the same he fired me out.

This incident naturally broke up the regularity of my life, the daily routine of which I had become so accustomed to; and with the change I certainly did lose control of myself and let myself go without check. For a glorious few months what a fling I did have. It didn't last much longer, however. I tried to get back again on horses—but that's a mug's game. They ran away fast enough with all the little I had left, and when the wrong gee-gee won the Derby I was "landed" and stranded.

A FORTNIGHT'S COUP.

But the rocks were no place for *me*, and this is how I got off them. The whole coup didn't take more than a fortnight, and I'd thought it out from beginning to end before I made a start from the "accommodation address" of a broken-down little shop at the top end of Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, where letters were taken in at a penny a time.

I was so positive of success (for I was going to play on the two strings of human vanity and human cupidity, and you can always get a tune out of them), and time was so precious (for understand that however quickly I had got there I was in desperate straits), that I had some swagger letter-paper prepared before I shoved in the advertisement that was to create a need and a use for it.

I suppose people never will tumble to how easy it is to set traps in the advertisement columns of the greatest and most dignified papers in the world—papers the very names of which seem to be taken as a guarantee of the good faith of those who make of their buyable spaces a happy hunting-ground for Johnnies and flats.

BAITING THE HOOK.

I had the letter-paper headed: "Bureau of the Consolidated Union of Authors: Principal, Bevington Dexter, M.A.—Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C." while for enclosure an alluringly-worded prospectus emphasised the fact that, unlike all other literary agencies, the Bureau charged no reading or any other preliminary fee whatever. Its one and only source of profit, to which nothing was added even to cover postages or expenses of any kind, was a commission of 15 per cent. from amounts actually received from editors and publishers for manuscripts sold or otherwise "placed."

Even if I'd paid the printer's bill for all this, it wouldn't have amounted to a sovereign, and a similar sum wiped off the cost of my announcements in the "Telegraph" and the "Daily News." These announcements were a very much boiled down edition of my short prospectus. I raised the oof for their insertion on my watch, and in they went. Manuscripts covering the whole field of literature, poetry included, might be submitted at once—"interviews arranged by special appointment."

They did come in, those manuscripts. They came by every post from every part of the country. Some were brought by hand, and even left—left on trust at that dirty little shop at the top end of Fetter Lane.

Long and short, good and bad (presumably), history and fiction, tracts and treatises, novels and novelettes, prose and verse, written and typed—they poured in so fast that the little shopkeeper protested that he was being flooded out. I had to make an altered arrangement with him, as regards both terms and accommodation. I had nowhere else to take the things.

A PAPER FLOOD.

"I can't pay you a penny a packet on the lot," I told him. "How much a hundred? And where are we going to put 'em?"

We struck a bargain, in virtue of which a small back room was temporarily given up to me and my manuscripts, where I could sort them out and deal with them, and also answer the armful of letters of inquiry that had arrived for Bevington Dexter, Esq., M.A.

When the writers of these received the Bureau's prospectus, the papery tide rose higher yet, for with nothing to pay and cheques dangling, as it were, before their dazzled vision, they naturally posted on the fruits of their genius—genius that was at last about to have a fair chance of recognition and reward, thanks to the Bureau of the Consolidated Union of Authors.

In spite of that cautionary sentence, "Interviews by special appointment," by this time callers without appointment were increasing in number, and some were asking to know things.

THE LANDLORD OBJECTS.

"I didn't take it on to be your privit sekertary or a 'all porter to answer questions," grumbled my "landlord." But I laid it into him so thick that I was always "out" in all circumstances whenever I was "in," that I knew he understood—and he could have no object in letting anyone disturb me.

Not that I had anything to be afraid of in the least, so far; for obviously I hadn't got to work yet on the real part of the swindle. I'd bet a hundred to one, or give longer odds than that, that nobody has rumbled what that swindle was, or was to be. How was I going to make anything out of my heaps of waste paper? What game had I been playing all along? And what was it about to lead up to? Now for it.

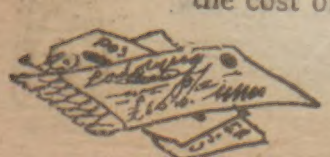
Guided, more than anything else, by style, stationery, and address, I nosed out nearly a hundred of the most likely prospective victims, male and female, from among my legion of correspondents. I gave the first preference to those living in the most distant and out-of-the-way places, other things being equal; and I excluded all living in or near London.

BRANCH ESTABLISHMENTS.

My list ready I walked around and found (easily enough) four more accommodation addresses in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street and the Strand, regarding the literary associations of these localities as being quite advisable for the finish as one had been for the start of my operations. Dividing (say) eighty sheets of my headed letter-paper into four equal lots of twenty each, I ruled out in red ink the address of each sheet, writing in in its place one or other of the four new accommodation addresses I had noted, so that replies to the interesting communications I was about to send out might be distributed. Only about twenty were to issue from Fetter Lane. I should thus have five places at which to call for my cheques or postal orders (I knew how to get the former cleared for me).

Why this distribution? Well, although I wasn't anticipating trouble, I had to bear in mind that before the last of my replies had arrived those who had sent first might have seen how they had been "had," and made undesirable disclosures to the police; in which case one address or another might be "under observation," and too hot for me to approach with safety. It is lack of thoughtfulness and atten-

(*Continued on page* 552.)



ROUGH JUSTICE.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By VANCE PALMER.

No one ever doubted afterwards that Devlin brought it on himself. He was one of those swaggering men who think that, because they have made money easily, they can crush the world rough-shod beneath their feet, and he did not deal gently with those who got in his way.

When he bought "Rennie Downs," a big station in the cattle country, he began a feud straight away with Burke Dawson and his mates, a roving group of men who were wanted by the police for horse-thieving, but who had hitherto managed to keep themselves out of the hands of the law.

"They won't last long when I come here," said Devlin, when he heard about them from Conroy, a neighbouring squatter.

Conroy looked at him with the amused tolerance of the bush.

"If I were you, I wouldn't meddle with them," he said slowly. "They're not bad fellows, and they'll let you alone if you keep to yourself. Besides, it's not our way to do the work of the police."

But Devlin puffed out his chest, and a touch of hauteur came into his voice:

"Your ways aren't my ways, Conroy," he said. "How can I be sure my property is safe when men like these are camping about in the hills. I swear I'll bring them to book before three months are out!"

And though he wasn't quite as good as his word, he made life an exciting business for Burke Dawson and his mates. His blackboys brought in word continually where the six men were camping, and before forty-eight hours had passed the information was in the hands of the police. Thus he harried them from one camp to another, till they always wore a hunted look in their eyes, and their horses had become thin and weedy. At last Burke Dawson, a big man, easy-going usually in all his ways, had been heard to remark with some passion:

"I guess we won't get any real peace till someone puts a .45 bullet in Devlin's spine."

That was how things stood at the end of six months, and one day Devlin rode out to the back of his run to select a spot to put down an artesian bore. He was not a good bushman, and the country was covered with thick mulga, which made all the ridges look the same. It was just after noon that he first discovered he was lost, and at the same time he found that the water-bag, flapping against his horse's chest, was empty. The hot sun was burning on the back of his neck, and his mouth soon began to dry up with thirst.

All the afternoon he rode on and on, trying to discover the track by which he had come, but it seemed like an effort to get out of a maze. Then he realised that he was riding in circles, and the knowledge brought a terror to his soul, for he knew then his case was hopeless. When the brain starts revolving thus, the only thing to do is to dismount and wait till it clears, but Devlin could not do that, for every cell in his body was dried up with thirst.

As the dusk came dropping down he remembered all the men he had heard of who had died in just such a way, and the prospect nearly made him cry out with pain.

Then, when his brain was beginning to swoon, he saw a camp-fire in a gully, and there were men lounging round it. In relief he spurred his flagging horse towards it; but when he reached it he was hardly able to dismount, and they had to lift him out of the saddle.

"Water!" he cried. "Water, for the love of heaven!"

They brought him a pannikin of hot tea and some whisky, and in a few minutes he had revived.

"You'll be all right in a little while, mate," said a big man, cutting him some bread and meat. "It was a near thing, though. If you had slipped off your horse in the bush, you might have lain there and no one would have found you till your bones were white."

Devlin ate the food gratefully, and it was not long before his serene confidence came back to him.

"I'm not a good bushman," he said, "and I was a fool to come out here by myself. I suppose you know these ridges pretty well?"

"Middling well," said the big man. "We're always camped here or hereabouts."

Devlin looked at him sharply. He was a heavily-built man, standing well over six feet high, with a solid figure and a pleasant, good-humoured face.

"What a fool I was not to think of it before," he thought; "of course, it's Burke Dawson. There's no one else it can be."

But he kept his suspicions to himself, and did his best to win his way into their esteem. Yet all the while as he ate their food and cracked jokes with them, he was thinking: "Gad! If I'd only a couple of troopers here, what a snap it would be!"

Half an hour later Burke Dawson had caught his horse and offered to put him on the right track again. They rode for five miles through the thick bush, and at last they came upon the white road that led to "Rennie Downs" homestead. The full moon was just rising, and everything was as clear as day. As Devlin turned to go, his companion wheeled round abruptly.

"You know me, I guess," he said.

Devlin was a little embarrassed.

"You must be Burke Dawson, I suppose," he said, awkwardly.

"That's right," said his companion. "But if you meet anyone along this road you're to forget you saw me to-night. Mind that, or—well, I won't answer for the consequences."

At last the buggy stopped, and he felt himself being lifted out.

Devlin promised, and for awhile he meant to keep his promise. But as he cantered along through the cool night, his sense of gratitude began to ooze away, and his swaggering self-confidence asserted itself again. Then when he arrived home he found the horses of Sergeant Conolly and a trooper in the stable. It was the last straw, and he lost control of his worst instincts.

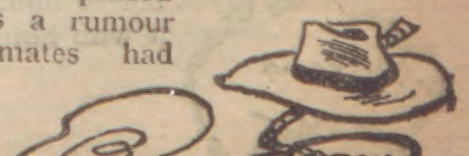
* * * * * * *

The troopers, however, did not get Burke Dawson and his gang that night, and the only result was to inflame the latter with a passionate hatred of Devlin and all his ways. He had broken the unwritten law that no man can eat another man's salt and then betray him. Conroy, who had heard of the incident, said to him gravely: "You'd better keep out of their way for a while now, Devlin."

But the failure had only exasperated Devlin.

"I'm not afraid of their threats," he said. "There's no question of honour when you're dealing with men like these."

Nevertheless, he had a secret feeling that they would try to get square with him, and for a period he seldom went out alone. Three months passed and nothing happened. There was a rumour that Burke Dawson and his mates had



gone away to another part of the country where they had got a droving contract, and Devlin forgot about them, till one afternoon when he was riding home from the township and saw a buggy drawn up by the side of the road with no horse near it.

"I wonder whose it is," he said to himself, dismounting and examining it.

Three men rose up from some bushes near by and threw themselves upon him before he had time to move. Devlin was a powerful man, but his strength was never of less use than it was then. He struggled violently, but in two minutes he was on his back, securely held in an iron grip, and all he could do was to mutter desperately between his teeth: "You scoundrels! Not one of you has the pluck to meet me man to man!"

He was out of breath, and his lips were white; Burke Dawson smiled relentlessly.

"That's all very well," he said, "but you've had your chance, Devlin. This is my game now, and I hold the ace and both bowers. It's no use whining after what you've done."

A black scarf was tied tightly over his eyes and the light of the sun shut out. He heard the men talking in whispers, and he appealed to them passionately; but they took as little notice as if he were already dead. Still struggling, he was carried to the buggy, and, after the horse had been put in, it rattled off through the bush.

All sorts of speculations as to his fate were thronging through Devlin's brain. As he lay there on his back, with his enemies' talk and rough laughter coming faintly to his ears, and all the world a black darkness, the most horrible visions loomed in front of him. It seemed many days and nights that he lay there in torment, and then at last the buggy stopped and he felt himself being lifted out.

"What are you going to do to me, Dawson?" he asked, weakly.

"You'll see in a minute, I guess," came a rough voice.

Then he was laid down, and he felt his neck press against something cold and half a dozen hands tying him down. The whispers of the men floated over to him. . . . .

"What time does the train pass here?"

"'Bout eight. It must be very nearly that now."

In a flash he realised what was being done to him.

"For heaven's sake have pity, Dawson," he cried.

But he only got the grim rejoinder: "It's not for you to talk about pity, Devlin. You never felt it for any man yet."

A minute later he heard the sound of their horses' hoofs die away as they galloped down the track. He cried out appealingly, but his voice only faded away in the silence. With all his strength he strove to burst the cords that held him; but in vain. He could not move an inch.

There is no torture like that slow torture of the mind. Devlin saw a thousand times the picture of the train coming along with flaming lights, flashing over him and leaving him a mangled heap on the track. He felt the cold steel of the rail pressing into his bare neck. With all his soul he longed for a quick shot that would put an end to his agony, but nothing so merciful was at hand.

The hours seemed to drag on with a horrible slowness. It must be dark now he thought, for the silence of night had settled on all things. At last he heard a distant rumble that grew louder and louder, till the sound of it hammered on the drums of his ears.

His imagination saw in a flash what his eyes could not see—the black bulk of the engine, the flaming lights, the jets of steam hissing from the valve. He could almost feel its hot breath on his face. His lips were deathly white, and the sweat stood upon his forehead. Then when the whole black mass seemed to be crashing down upon his brain—suddenly it stopped working and all sound ceased. . . . .

It was Conroy's voice he heard when he recovered from his swoon.

"Good heavens! It's Devlin. They told me there was a man lying by the side of the road, and that I'd better go for him in my buggy, but I never dreamt of it being you. What the deuce have they been doing?"

Devlin felt the bandage being taken from his eyes. He looked round in a stupor, like one awakened from a nightmare. He realised it all now. The rails he had been tied to were smooth, barked saplings pegged down tight; the rumble he had heard was Conroy's buggy!

And as he stared round he saw a smile in Conroy's eyes. The rough justice of the bush had been dealt out to him, and he would carry the memory of it with him all his days.

MAKING A HORSE STAND.

AN AMERICAN COWBOY DODGE.

Readers interested in horses may have noticed how the horses in cinematograph films of cowboy plays always stand quite still as soon as their riders have dismounted, and have thrown the reins over their heads.

The method which the American cowboys adopt to secure this desirable end is a simple one, and can be adopted with any horse.

They remove the reins from the bit, and put in their place a couple of lengths of rope just long enough to reach from the bit to the ground. Having knotted these ropes firmly to the bit, they tie the other ends to the two corners of a sack.

Having ridden the horse for a moment, they dismount and throw the ropes and sack over the horse's head. They then leave him to complete the lesson for himself. As soon as he attempts to move, he steps on the sack and thus gives himself a severe jab in the mouth.

A very few lessons are sufficient to show him that to move when the rope reins are thrown over his head is not a comfortable proceeding, and the sack can then be left off, and the ordinary reins used instead of the ropes. The reason for using ropes for this purpose is that the strain would be liable to break leather reins.

The advantage of having a horse trained to stand still when the reins are thrown over his head is obvious. The soldier can dismount to fire without troubling about his horse; the follower of hounds knows that if he is thrown his horse will wait for him to pick himself up, as the reins will probably have fallen over his head; the ordinary rider finds this training equally useful when he dismounts to enter a shop or a house.

"TOMMY'S" BENEFIT SOCIETIES.

Like the famous chapter on "Snakes in Ireland"—there are none. That is, the King's Regulations declare illegal regimental benefit societies which are supported by officers and men, or by men alone.

On the other hand, regimental charities which are supported by the subscriptions of officers only are perfectly legal, and there are many such.

An officer dying often leaves a sum in trust for the benefit of the men of the company in which he has served, or which he has commanded.

FROM THE FIELD.

ABOUT FOOTBALL CLUBS AND PLAYERS.

At the moment of writing the first round of the Football Association Cup competition proper has taken place, and, as usual, there have been a considerable number of upsets of "form" as guaged by the clubs' previous performances in the various leagues. One of them was the defeat by 3—0 of Newcastle United, who loom so large in the First Division of the League, by Derby County, who are in the Second Division, although it must be granted that they are climbing steadily up therein.

There were eight drawn games, but as a great many of these, if not all, will have been re-played before these lines are in print, it will serve no useful purpose to deal further with them. Play, on the whole, was of the usual Cup-tie order, bustling and not too scientific, with more than a few fouls. In this respect, the match between Chelsea and Sheffield United, at Chelsea, when the home side won by 1—0, was prominent, the Northerners being frequent offenders, and Benson, one of their forwards, being severely cautioned by the referee for upsetting Douglas, who was playing a good game in the Chelsea front rank.

Attendances were big; and the following list is interesting for purposes of comparison.

MATCHES IN LONDON.—Chelsea v. Sheffield United, 40,000; Brentford v. Crystal Palace, 10,000; Queen's Park Rangers v. Bradford City, 18,000; Clapton Orient v. Everton, 13,000; West Ham United v. Gainsborough, 12,000; Fulham v. Burnley, 12,000; and Croydon Common v. Leicester Fosse, 10,000.

MATCHES IN THE PROVINCES.—West Bromwich Albion v. Tottenham Hotspur, 20,000; Liverpool v. Leyton, 20,000; Luton v. Notts County, 10,000; Northampton v. Bristol City, 11,000; Bristol Rovers v. Portsmouth, 10,000; and Bury v. Millwall, 5,000.

In the above matches the home team is named first in each case.

G. K.

CARD-PLAYING IN THE ARMY

"CHINSTRAP" EXPRESSES HIS OPINION, AND RELATES SOME ANECDOTES.

Recently there appeared in one of the newspapers a letter from an "Indignant Father," complaining of the expenses of his son in the Army.

Much of it was sound, but when the writer proceeded, on the subject of his son's card debts, to draw a lurid picture of colonels rooking their subalterns over the Board of Green Cloth, I did a quiet smile to myself.

I don't say that there is no gambling in the Service, but, so far as card-playing in the mess is concerned, there is precious little.

Card-playing is dealt with by the mess rules, and the regulations are strict. Gambling games, such a poker, baccarat, and loo, are absolutely forbidden, and the points at whist or bridge are strictly limited.

In my time—and things, I understand, have become stricter since then—we were restricted to sixpenny points at whist, which meant that with extraordinary bad luck you might lose a sovereign in the course of a long evening's play, but you were far more likely to end up something under five shillings to the good or bad.

PLAYING ON CREDIT.

I admit that even at these modest points it was possible to lose £3 or £4 on a month's play, which, to some subalterns, was more than they could afford; but such cases were exceptional.

There is, however, something to be said against the mess card-playing system—namely, the fact that all transactions are on credit.

No money may pass in the mess—even a civilian guest may not receive or pay his winnings or losings in cash.

All scores are entered in the card book, which is made up at the end of the month. Officers' winnings or losings are then deducted from or added to their mess bills, while in the case of civilians who have been playing in the mess they either receive a cheque for their winnings or a bill for their losses—in some regiments it is customary to make a host responsible for his guest's card account, they settling matters between them privately.

WHY NOT SPOT CASH?

The system is convenient, but is certainly an encouragement to a youngster who has been losing to continue playing in the hope of getting his own back before the end of the month.

After all, men in Service or other clubs usually settle their card debts across the table, or, at latest, within twenty-four hours, the general rule in first-class clubs being that a member may not sit down to play if owing a card debt to anybody, and I cannot see why the same system should not prevail in Army messes.

However, the picture of senior officers rooking their juniors is much overdrawn.

The only instance of the kind I ever came across happened to myself.

I was newly joined when a fairly senior subaltern, who was a shyster, got hold of me, and, in the privacy of our quarters, proceeded to teach me double-dummy whist.

EXPRESSING THEIR RESENTMENT.

Double-dummy is a game where skill tells heavily. He was an expert, I a novice, and I lost £28 to him before I concluded that I had had enough. Quite innocently, and without any intention of crying over spilt milk or complaining, I happened to mention the fact to one of our majors, and then the fat was in the fire with a vengeance.

Not only was my opponent compelled to refund his gains, but he was tried by subalterns' court-martial, subjected to severe physical punishment, and precious nearly lost his commission.

Mind you, we were no milksops—indeed, the regiment was reckoned pretty rapid—but the rooking of a youngster was not to be tolerated, and I am sure no decent regiment would stand it for a moment.

On the other hand, seniors and juniors do play together in the mess, but, as I have explained, the points are more or less nominal, and the fact that the youngest subaltern has the right to cut into a rubber of senior officers makes for comradeship and the absence of distinctions in rank of duty.

No doubt there is a certain amount of gambling in private, but there is this safeguard, that no card debts incurred outside the mess may be collected through the card book.

Playing in quarters, therefore, is a ready-money affair, and there is nothing like having to pay spot-cash to make a man pull up when he has lost more than he can afford.

I remember when we were stationed at Halifax, Nova Scotia, there was a certain Indian prince there as A.D.C. to the general, who—his dusky nibs, not the general—ran a private roulette-table, and one of our fellows punting one night in half-crowns left off a winner of over £300 of the best; but that sort of thing was very exceptional.

Poker is a great game in Canada, and the Canadian ladies are very good players.

A NAUGHTY WORD.

I was at a private house one night playing poker with two ladies and two other men—civilians. A battle royal ensued between one lady and one of the civilians, the rest of us having dropped out. Eventually the lady "saw" her opponent, who proudly put down four aces and reached for the pool; but the lady had a "straight flush"—a better hand, if you do not understand poker.

This was too much for our friend. Forgetting where he was, he banged his fist on the table and loudly exclaimed: "Oh, ——!" (an ancient English, but most impolite, word of four letters, often applied to men of undesirable character).

For some moments there was an awful silence. Then, I simply couldn't help myself, I giggled. That was enough. With one accord, ladies and all burst into roars and shrieks of laughter—indeed, the ladies became quite hysterical, and thus an awkward situation was relieved.

"CHINSTRAP."

A HIGH-CLASS BICYCLE AND TEN HALF-CROWNS FOR SMART "DOUBLES."

NO ENTRANCE FEE.

For the entertainment of our readers we offer this week a high-class bicycle for the best "Double" received, and ten consolation prizes of half-a-crown each for those coming next in merit.

The words from which you have to form your "double" are

TERRITORIAL RECRUITS.

Competitors must form another phrase of two words, beginning with T and R respectively, which bear some relation to the phrase given. For example, your "double" might be "Timid Riders"; but don't use that one, it is only an example.

Write your "double" on the "Doubles" Coupon appearing on page 538, and send it to "Doubles," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, to reach us not later than the first post on Tuesday, Jan. 30. The result will appear in our issue published on Monday, Feb. 5.

Send as many attempts as you like, but each must be written on a separate coupon.

No correspondence can be entered into regarding this Competition.

The Editor's decision is final and binding in every respect, and competitors may enter only on that understanding.

AMATEUR HUNTSMEN

THEY ARE RAPIDLY REPLACING PROFESSIONALS.

In the lists of the personnel of the four or five hundred packs that show sport in Great Britain and Ireland nothing is more significant than the marked increase in the number of amateurs who now hunt hounds of every description.

Formerly, with some few notable exceptions, the hunting of hounds was entirely in the hands of paid servants, whose contempt for the master who presumed to find and kill foxes was unbounded, and shared to a great extent by the subscribers.

But a marvellous change has come over the spirit of the huntsman's dream, and now the amateur has the whip-hand in more senses of the word than one.

BETTER SPORT.

With his advent the average of sport shown has been raised, together with its popularity; and it looks very much as though in two or three generations the paid huntsman—the fine flower of servitude—will be as extinct as the great bittern in these islands.

In a recently published list of 443 hunt-establishments of stag-hounds, fox-hounds, harriers, beagles, and basset-hounds, only 149 are altogether hunted by professional huntsmen.

The sixteen English staghound packs are in nine instances hunted by their masters, joint-masters, or by honorary huntsmen, while several of the whippers-in are also amateurs.

Even with the 175 English foxhound packs, where the paid huntsman has for so long been considered an indispensable institution, the numbers are now almost equally divided, there being this season 86 amateurs to 89 professionals, a marked increase even on last year; and a fair sprinkling of gentlemen turn hounds to the masters who carry the horn.

AMATEURS WHO LIKE THE WORK.

In the case of beagles and basset-hounds, this state of things is, of course, to be expected, as most of these packs have been formed by sportsmen who wish to practise the science of hunting. Hence it is not surprising that out of nearly 100 such establishments only about a dozen are hunted by professionals, while a majority of the whippers-in are amateurs.

Drag-hounds and otter hounds also are almost exclusively under the direction of gentlemen-huntsmen, which raises the proportion well above that of two to one for the whole of the hunting establishments of the United Kingdom.

The reasons for this drastic change in the character of the national sport are mixed. No doubt the arrogance of the old-time huntsmen who thought no one else could find a fox let alone catch him, who lorded it over the men who paid them, brooked no interference, resented criticism, and made from £500 to £1,000 a year out of wages, house-rent, fuel, perquisites, commissions, and "vails" or tips, with hound-dealing and horse-coping thrown in, is responsible for the initial introduction of the amateur into his boots and saddle.

KEENER MASTERS.

But the increased love of the sport itself, rather than of the mere pastime of riding after hounds, and the desire to master its science, have had the most to do with it. The wealthy man, who was content to plank down his thousands a year for the empty honour of writing the initials M.F.H. after his name, and the privilege of being treated with contempt by his own servants, is no longer so easily found. If he is to pay the piper, he nowadays not only insists on calling the tune, but in blowing it himself, however discordantly, on his own Köhler horn.

That, on the whole, the change is a good one for the sport cannot be denied, however much those of the old school may regret the disappearance to the regions of the boiling-house and the feeding-room of the class that once sent such picturesque figures to the covertside.

L. C. R. CAMERON.

MY NOTEBOOK.

SHOULD A MAN EMIGRATE OR NOT?

Appealing, as this paper does, to a masculine public, it is natural that I should receive many inquiries from readers as to whether it would be advisable for them to emigrate.

In most cases I refer them to the Emigrants' Information Office, where they can obtain all official data, for, frankly, I feel that it is best to let each man judge for himself, and to take the step, if he does take it, on his own responsibility.

On Monday mornings we receive the Australian mail, and usually there are a good many letters from readers in that quarter of the globe. Last Monday morning I had two from Queensland, and I propose to print part of each of them, just to show you how two different men may regard the same country.

THE PESSIMIST.

Here is what the first one says:

"I have been out here now a couple of years, and, from what I can see, one is as well starving at home as coming out here to do it.

"There is too much Masonry in one place, too much Unionism gone mad in another, so a man is always between the devil and the deep sea, and the devil usually is the preferable.

"Immigrants, in the guise of 'navvies,' British, Dutch, Russian, and Dagoes, are being dumped here by the hundred, and in spite of the fairy tales of prosperity, etc., work is very hard to obtain, and there are plenty of jobs, in the bush, for instance, where a man may work a month or more, then it takes another month chasing about before you can squeeze any money out of your employer.

"The talk about free land and so forth is all moonshine, unless you can live on air and pay the required fees, etc., when you get a homestead, until it begins to be self-supporting. You are better leaving the land alone.

"A new chum coming out here needs to have a leather hide if he would not be tormented almost to the point of madness by 'squitoes, fleas, bugs, and goodness knows how many kinds of vermin. The country seems alive; in fact, it is a living mass of vermin.

"True, you can live in the open-air the year round; that may be very good for your first year, but you will have reason to change your opinion before you've got through the second winter."

THE OPTIMIST.

To turn from that gloomy picture to something brighter, let us glance at the second letter.

"Just a line to let you know I am getting on nicely in the new country," says this correspondent. "Last time I wrote you I was tobacco-selling. I am now tobacco-growing, and it is most interesting work.

"The life out here is an ideal one—one I am sure you yourself would never tire of—riding, shooting, angling, swimming, &c. It is delightful, and the climate is also."

FITTED FOR THE LIFE.

More than once I have printed letters from Colonial readers, because there is nothing so useful as having information from men on the spot, but what is one to say when one receives two such letters from the same colony?

Simply that one man was made for the life and the other was not.

A NEW FAVOURITE.

I print this week the second story dealing with "Bobby Co-partners." You will remember that when I published the first story about this interesting young man, I asked whether you would like to hear more about him, and I am glad that my opinion coincided with that of my readers, for the demands were many that "Bobby Co-partners" should figure further in our pages.

It is always highly advantageous to an editor to have his readers' opinions, for, after all, he is but the chef who superintends the cooking of the literary dinner which they are going to eat, and if he knows whether they like or dislike a particular dish, it is of great assistance to him in making up a menu that will be attractive to their palates.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

BOBBY CO-PARTNERS—CORINTHIAN.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

The person called Shimjam entered into the life of Bobby Co-partners at 8.20 p.m. precisely, on the Wednesday evening in Carnival week.

Mr. Robert Brooker, otherwise known to Kenchester as Bobby Co-partners, driver to the Co-partners' Stores, had finished fairly early, and in an expert way he proceeded to do wonderful things with a fork and the bedding of Andrew, his horse.

It was a capacious and comprehensive stable, with quite the most up-to-date sliding doors, a stall in the corner, and a lot of space for the cart, the chaff-cutter, the corn-bin, and a bundle or two of hay.

When Bobby Co-partners took a layer off the top of the hay that night he "discovered" (in a playwright and literal sense) Shimjam.

Shimjam turned in his sleep, blinked, and sat up. He was rather thin, wanted a shave, his coat was too big for him, and his trousers too short; hair very long; face, unassuming the same description.

"And what the devil d'you happen to be doing 'ere?" asked Bobby Co-partners. "Who are you, and what's your business?"

He had a nice watch, which he had won in a raffle at Christmas-time. He produced it and studied it carefully while he waited for Shimjam's reply.

"My name," replied that gentleman, sleepily, "is Shimjam, a contortion of Sham Jim. I am called Sham because I can sham anything. Profession, actor; present occupation, nothing. Residence, Messrs. Co-partners' stable, but believed only temporary. Favourite pastime, looking for variety, the spice of life."

"I see," said Bobby Co-partners, his eye still on the watch. "It is now a second or two past 8.20. By 8.21 you will be ten yards clear o' this place. I don't like gift ha'pence, so that's straight. Now, hop. You'd o' the gab merchants, got me into a nice row if you'd ha' been caught here."

Mr. Shimjam dropped his far-away style.

"Bet you'll never guess how I got in," he said, picking a piece of thistle off the lapel of his capacious coat.

"No. How did you?" asked Bobby, incautiously, the sportsman in him getting the upper hand.

It was a little puzzling to Bobby. He had locked the door, and the sliding door is more difficult to break into than any.

"You left the skylight open," said Shimjam.

"Pooh, we're the highest building hereabouts. Don't come it. Did you sneak in when the manager came to peek round and see whether everything was in order?"

"No. I told you you left the skylight open. You stand where you are half a jiff."

Shimjam ran out. Within ten seconds *vid* the hay-loft door he had tripped down the ladder and was by Bobby's side.

"Blazes!" said Bobby. "That's not so dusty."

Shimjam ostentatiously coiled up a piece of rope and returned it to a huge poacher pocket.

"A pencil, a knife, and"—he tapped his pocket—"a piece of string. You've a drain-pipe and a handy pulley-pole above the loft door."

"Trick's worth a drink," said Bobby, producing three ha'pence, the price of a half of six-ale.

"Thanks. Wish you luck in the Carnival."

Bobby turned on him angrily.

"There's no call for you to pull m'leg."

"Didn't know I was."

"Go on. I'll bet it's the talk all round the yards hereabouts. Our darn firm's too bloomin' mean to make an entry in the Tradesmen's Turn-outs class at the Carnival. They say it'ud cost 'em a quid to fake up the cart anything like, and then there'd be the tableau, an' there wasn't no one in the shop what could act. I should drive, of course, all so gay. But there, you don't get no more than Sundays and a couple of hours on Thursdays from the Co-partners' Stores, and you must reckon yourself lucky you get that."

"Half a jiff," said Shimjam, suddenly. "Have I still to go out?"

"And what the devil d'you happen to be doing 'ere," asked Bobby Co-partners.

"Of course. I was forgetting that. You clear—now."

"Really?"

"Well, I don't mind so long as you don't—er—covet anything. I ain't afraid of you physically, not but what I s'pose you must be wiry. But you couldn't give away the weight."

"Like to put 'em up just for sport?"

Bobby Co-partners looked at him.

"The bloomin' sauce!" he said, unctuously. "You wait till I've fed my horse!"

Shimjam was so obliging. He looked at Bobby at his work. It occurred to him that for a space at least his life would not be unexciting, and he sighed happily.

"Now, insult me!" said Bobby, challengingly. "I can't fight up to form unless you say something right down nasty."

Shimjam produced one glove from his pocket, and drew it across Bobby's face, in a manner reminiscent of the gallants.

"Smells of paraffin," said Bobby, collapsing into laughter. "It's no use, cully; I can't fight without a cause, unless I've got gloves on."

As a matter of fact, Mr. Robert Brooker, otherwise known as Bobby Co-partners, would not have thought about fighting at all had he not had it in his mind that there might possibly be a certain usefulness in testing the form of this man.

There was no boxing club so assiduously attended as Bobby's. His was the most roomy stable, and one, Darkey Santer, supplied the gloves.

There were, contrary to the meaning of the Act, certain wagers of threepences, and, although Bobby was no betting man on the opulent scale of his friends, still he watched the contests with interest. The Corinthians never welcomed new blood more than this highly sporting set, and, like the Corinthians, they were willing to back their champion against the money of the new man's patron.

"You daren't fight," said Shimjam contemptuously, and Shimjam was an actor somewhere. "You think I'm foolin', but I've seen your sort before. You dussent put 'em up. All bounce and no boxing."

The taunt rang clear.

Bobby waited no longer. A sharp tap set his ear singing, and he went for Shimjam, who, recollecting something he had seen at Wonderland, side-stepped him and planted another one in the waistcoat.

"I think that's time," said Bobby, no fool with his fists, as he was sent clattering against the stable-door.

"You wait till the next round and see——"

Fate decided, however, that that contest should not be decided.

From the dark outside came a few whistles, and something clattered on the roof and rolled off.

"I s'pose all the boys have finished now, and they'll come round here to put the gloves on. Darkey Santer—son o' Sam Santer, the butcher—has got a set of gloves. He'll want to show off with 'em.

"'Ere!" He was rendered suddenly "h"-less in the excitement of the thought. "You 'ave a go at 'im. 'E's a 'ard 'itter, but 'e's beefy. That side-steppin' trick o' yours and one in the waistcoat 'ud finish 'im right off."

There was something of a small Babel outside, and then a troop of the butchery experts walked in, polished faced, and still in their blue coats.

"What-ho, Bobby."

"What cheer!"

"You've got to provide the Nash'nal Sportin' Club to-night," said Mr. "Darkey" Santer.

"Right-ho," said Bobby, clearing a space and lighting another gas-jet in a wire globe. "I've got a bit o' harness polishin' to do. You fight and I'll work and watch yer."

"Oh, no, you've got to have 'em on," said a protesting chorus.

"Got a gentleman deputising for me to-night. (Come on, Shimjam. Step into the bloomin' limelight!) Here, my beloved audience, we have the Kentucky Kid, willing to box all comers for a purse o' fifty pound or less."

There was a roar of laughter.

"Hanged if it isn't our po'try spouter—the feller who gave us 'Kissing Cup's Last Race' in the Market Tavern," said Darkey Santer.

"That was a mistake on my part," said Shimjam, laughing. "I ought to have made it a song and dance. P'raps you'd have listened."

"I don't think so," said Mr. Santer. "You see, we were talking over our turn-outs for the Carnival next Saturday."

Bobby Co-partners pocketed the jibe.

Darkey threw over a pair of gloves to Mr. Robert Brooker's representative.

"And what about the betting?" said a sporting young gentleman, producing a note book.

"I shall take three shillin's to one against my man," said Bobby Co-partners, very unobtrusively.

The layer looked up. Butchers' boys are sporting the world over. It is as possible for them to avoid betting as it is for a spirit traveller to avoid whisky—that is to say, not at all. But Bobby was one who confined his gambling to a sixpenny ticket on a Derby sweep once per annum.

Bobby scrubbed away at a bit. Everyone wanted to back Darkey. The market was at a standstill.

"I might take it again," said Bobby, "if I was offered fair odds. Look at the weight he has to give away."

He was offered "three's" in two places. He took it in both.

There would be nine shillings towards that pound necessary to fit out the cart in the Carnival if Shimjam won.

Bobby looked on a little anxiously.

From the outset the worst of hard luck dogged Shimjam's steps.

Fifteen seconds—and from a swinging right he was counted out on the floor!

Bobby heaved a sigh and paid the three shillings.

"Sorry," said Shimjam. "Darn sorry, partner. He rushed me, and I couldn't give away the weight."

Bobby clapped him on the back.

"Partner it is," he said, "but I put you on the wrong line. You mark my words."

There was something horribly grim about Bobby Co-partners' face. It was the sort of look that came into it when the junior assistant ordered him about unduly, and was very fearsome.

"I want a chance to get my money back, Darkey," he said. "I'll match you, and look 'ere"—he steadied himself for a great remark—"I'll take ten bob to five I beat yer. There!"

He tried to look as though this was not mortgaging a serious amount of his money, although, if he lost, it was a question whether his restaurateur (at the "Pull Up for Carmen") would trust him till Saturday with his daily "toad in the hole" or "salt and two veg."

"Done," said Mr. Darkey Santer—quite a good boy in his way, despite his black locks and looks. A son of a man in business for himself, he was the Rothschild of the party.

"And I'll bet yer five bob to 'arf a dollar," said another.

"And so'll I!"

The "latest from the barber's shop" had rolled home the previous day at accommodating odds. The sporting were in funds.

"My word," said Bobby. "That's a bloomin' ten to ten bob!"

He pulled out all the money in his pocket. Eight shillings—and only Tuesday!

"Can't be done," he said.

"Go on; you know your name's good, Bobby."

"Right. Come along, then."

The remark about the Carnival turn-out, the glorious event of Kenchester's year, had chased caution off the map.

Within two rounds, Fate had been just as kind to Bobby—Fate and the artistically-performed side-step, in perfect imitation of Shimjam.

Bobby, breathless on Andrew's hay, found himself covered with glory and twenty beautiful shillings.

"And what are you going to stand now, Bobby?" was the general remark.

"Not a bloomin' thing," said Bobby, with emphasis. "All I've got to ask you is what odds against me for the Tradesmen's Turn-outs Prize on Saturday?"

It began to dawn on the company that when Mr. Bobby Co-partners was out for blood he was a hard nut to crack.

"No betting," said a very prompt chorus. "Good-night, Bobby."

"Good-night."

"Here, cully—." A lanky figure detached itself from the shadow. "I wasn't any use to you. But I'm glad—no end glad you got it back all right. Ta-ta."

"And where the deuce d'you think you're going to?" asked Bobby angrily. "Wasn't 'partner' the word you used?"

"Oh, yes; but variety, you know——"

"Hang you and your variety. You've got plenty to occupy you between your professional times for the next five days. You've got to think out a scheme for our turn in the Tradesmen's Turn-outs Class. You say you're an actor. You've got to be the bloomin' tableau, partner. There ain't no breathin' Beerbohm Trees in our shop."

And thus Bobby Co-partners scored with his bit of new blood after all.

The red rosette was awarded to that young Corinthian marvellously made up as a Colonial with an artistically tanned face, driving home John Bull (Mr. Shimjam), a marvellously padded-out gentleman, sitting among biscuit tins and loaves and sheaves of wheat—the very John Bull who, fat as he was, vanished into thin air, still searching for the variety that is the spice of life.

And although Bobby Co-partners left the skylight open and even looked hopefully under each layer of hay, the person called Shimjam was "discovered" no more.

SENDING A DOG BY RAIL.

The other day a man, if one may so call him, was convicted of sending a dog a long journey in a box several sizes too small for it, the poor beast dying soon after liberation.

This person was no solitary offender, for people who ought to know better constantly send dogs on journeys packed so that they have no room to move.

There are two ways of sending a dog by rail. One is not to have him packed at all, but to attach a label to his collar, provide a chain so that he can be tied up, and put him in charge of the guard. This course, however, is almost bound to lead to trouble in the case of nervous dogs or those unaccustomed to being handled.

Regular travelling-boxes for dogs are to be bought, but a packing-case will serve for the larger breeds, a wicker basket for the smaller varieties, suitable ventilation and bedding, of course, being provided.

Puppies may be sent in boxes or hampers by passenger train at parcel rates if labelled "Live Puppy," which materially reduces the carriage.

The consignee should always be wired or informed of the time of the dog's departure and arrival.

In the case of dogs sent on "sale or return," the custom is for the consignee to pay carriage, receiving it back if no sale is effected.

At least three clear days should be allowed the potential purchaser to make up his mind.

HIGH OR LOW GUARD?

WHICH SHOULD THE BOXER ADOPT?

Nowadays almost every boxer has an individual style; but each may be said to belong to one of two schools—the advocates of the high and of the low guard.

In other words, one type of boxer holds his hands fairly high, much higher than used to be done by English boxers until a few years ago, and the other keeps them rather lower than used to be the case. It is an interesting question as to which style possesses the greater claims to good sense.

The chief complaint against the high guard is that it leaves the vulnerable "wind" and the ribs comparatively exposed, but it must be remembered that in the high guard the arms are held fairly far forward, so that to get at the mark you have to leave yourself open to a possible startler on the jaw.

Another point on the side of this style is that it is, or should be, combined with a slight forward inclination of the body *from the hips only*, which enables you to make better use of your reach in stalling your man off.

The low guard is used by rather nervous boxers, whose weak spot is the pit of the stomach, and who instinctively hold their right low to guard it. If the left is held low as well, this is the height of foolishness, for the head is lamentably exposed.

A low guard, however, is sometimes, but not often, more or less useful to a quick, "two-handed" boxer, who holds his left a good amount higher than the right, and guards his head with that.

The great point, however, in favour of a moderately high guard is that the hands are not required to guard body blows. In fact, the only way to guard them is to step back. What is more, watch the majority of our biggest boxers of the present day, and you will find that they have a rather high guard.

F. SMITH.

RINGSIDE GOSSIP.

NEWS ABOUT BOXERS AND BOXING.

One of the most promising recruits to the professional boxing ranks is Alf. Spenceley, the ex-amateur light-weight champion. Quite recently, as reported in these columns, he made his professional début in a contest at Plumstead. with Andy Wilson, whom he defeated. He is to make his second appearance, also against Andy Wilson, and again at Plumstead, on January 29 next. It is to be a bout of fifteen three-minute rounds, and it is certain to be well worth watching.

The news is to hand of a very meritorious win by Young Cohen, the English feather-weight, over Kid Julian, an American boxer. The contest took place at Utica, U.S.A., and the Britisher took the points in every round. The American, however, made a very plucky show, and, though outclassed from start to finish, managed to go the full number of rounds.

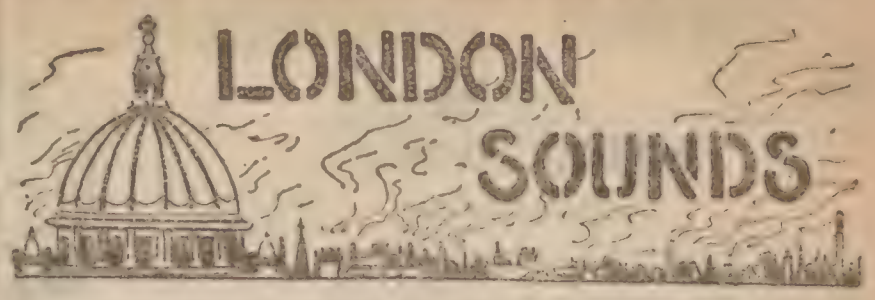
There was a fine contest at the Ring between Sapper O'Neill, light-weight Service champion, and Young Nipper. It was generally conceded that the Army man gave the better showing, and there was more than a little astonishment evinced by a considerable section of the onlookers when the result was given as a draw. It is remarkable what a lot of drawn matches take place in the Blackfriars Road hall. Is Mr. Dick Burge's motto the old Latin tag, "Medio tutissimus ibis"?

There was a very short bout indeed last Monday afternoon at the Poplar Hippodrome between Jack Daniels and Dick Lee, who were matched to go ten rounds. However, after a few light exchanges, Daniels lashed out a hard right to Lee's jaw, and the latter was on the floor for a count of eight.

On resuming, Lee did his best to cover up his head; but it was no good. Daniels got in another hard punch at it, and Lee went down again. This time the referee interposed, and gave the bout to Daniels.

Mike Glover, a said-to-be wonderfully smart Yankee welter-weight, who not long ago beat Young Johnson in Paris, wishes to be matched against any English, French, or American welter- or middle-weight. I like the ingenuous "any," which seems to suggest that, in Mike's high-souled estimation, the magnitude, or otherwise, of the stake is a minor consideration. Is it?

"STRAIGHT LEFT."



London—a nation, not a city.—DISRAELI.

There is a deep under-note to London which never ceases and never alters in volume. It is a vast, dim, indescribable sound, a monstrous muffled roar—so continuous and pervading that the ear hardly notices it, but takes its elements, as it were, from a foundation of tumult-like voices heard plainly amid the murmur of the sea.

This mighty diapason resembles a huge spreading dun-coloured carpet, on which are worked other sounds in innumerable varieties of patterns and colours, some bright and attractive and gay, and others harsh, repellent, and discordant to the point of anguish.

The way to hear London speak is to rest for a while in the sequestered quiet of Lincoln's Inn, or, perhaps, in the Gardens on the Embankment.

PREDOMINANT MOTORS.

There you will hear London revolving all round you. Predominant above all will be the ubiquitous noise of the motor-car.

Zeep-z-e-e-p! Honk-honk! Brrr-n-n! Ting-a-ling! (How is it that we have no words to describe these all-familiar sounds?)

Now and then there comes a whirring shriek—like a woman prefacing hysterics.

Whistles shrill all the time—prolonged or impatient, calling up the taxis.

Along the Embankment travel trams, groaning a gentle complaint to themselves as they carry on their monotonous duties.

A cab rolls steadily on, the *clap-clap* of the veteran in the shafts sounding hollow and dismal, as though he realised his out-of-dateness.

From the river proceeds occasionally the bass *h-o-n-k-k, h-o-n-k-k* of a steamer.

VOICES EVERYWHERE.

Always there are voices. Children "trebling" or loudly shouting one to another; newsboys yelling; men in conversation as they pass you by; a woman calling in the distance. And, out beyond everything in sight, millions and millions of other voices, engaged in the intercourse which comprises our daily dealings.

The undertone of London, like the droning of innumerable bees. . . .

Up in the Strand the thoroughfare is thronged with traffic. Motor-'buses rattle. They groan as they rush along. Called upon to halt, they beat, tremble, quiver, as though with uncontrollable impatience, until allowed to roll forward again.

Enormously anxious, unhappily fussy are the 'buses.

Down by the Bank is pandemonium, only bearable because it is orderly. The pavements seethe with pedestrians, the streets are clogged with vehicles. Here are thousands upon thousands of feet moving; and drays trundle on slowly; and harness jingles; and horses' hoofs thrump.

What are the words for it? . . .

AT THE CLOSE OF DAY.

And, finally, the last hour of the day, in the teeming tide of the West-End.

The theatres are emptying; shrill whistles rend the air; *honk-honk* and *ze-e-p* cry the motor-cars; you cannot distinguish smaller sounds for the rush and bustle of busy humanity.

Your homeward journey by taxi is a gradual passage from clamour to comparative quiet.

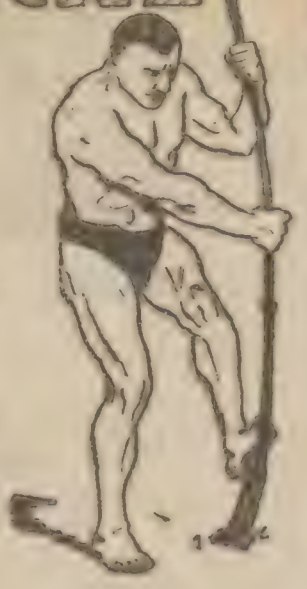
You hear from the open window of a flat a woman singing. While you are paying the cabman, a gramophone from somewhere near by breaks out, and you hear it as you undress for bed.

A belated *honk-honk* arrests your slumber. You listen, half asleep, to the intoxicated chorus of some passers-by.

You wake to the falsetto cry of *Milk-O!*

A. G. STORM.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT



A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by our

PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

HOW TO PERFORM EXERCISES.

THIS APPLIES TO ALL SYSTEMS.

I sometimes receive letters from readers saying that although they have regularly practised a system of Physical Culture, they have not derived any benefit from it. This is their own fault, for there is some benefit to be derived from every system, although, of course, some systems are much better than others.

The reason for their lack of success may best be explained by a little illustration. Go into a drill-hall and watch a squad of recruits. You will notice that some of them are smart in their movements. They spring at the word of command, as if they were eagerly waiting for it. Others obey orders in a half-hearted manner, and each of their movements is just a shade too late.

It is the same with men when they are practising Physical Culture exercises. Some do their exercises with vim and vigour, while others perform the movements in a half-hearted, slack sort of way, which is of no earthly use.

In the case of the slack recruit, he is soon brought to the requisite degree of smartness by the sharp edge of the sergeant-major's tongue, but there is no such spur for the slovenly Physical Culturist, and he is left to do his exercises just as badly as he likes. He never by any chance blames himself for the lack of the development which he expected. He blames the system of exercises, or perhaps he begins to think that Physical Culture is of no use to anybody, because he has not succeeded in making it useful to him.

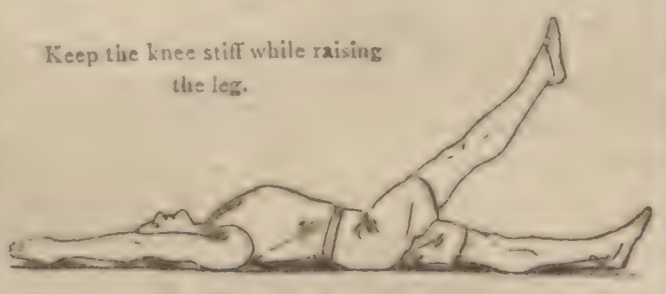
The right way to perform exercises—and this applies to the exercises of all teachers as well as my own—is to do them as if they were part of a game, and not a matter of dull routine. You do not kick a football in a slack, slovenly way. When you kick it you put all your judgment and skill into the operation, and that is what every student should learn to do with his exercises.

The same vigour and interest that animates you at games must animate you while carrying out your exercises, if you are to obtain the best and the quickest results from them.

TO MAKE GOOD LEGS.

AN EASY WAY TO INCREASE YOUR MEASUREMENTS.

(1) Lie flat on your back with the heels together and the hands thrust straight out beyond the head, with the palms touching.



Keep the knee stiff while raising the leg.

(2) Slowly raise the right leg, as shown in the illustration, keeping the knee perfectly straight. Raise it as high as possible without permitting the seat to leave the floor.

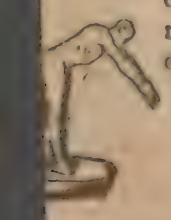
(3) Slowly lower the leg till the heel just touches the ground, and repeat until the muscles begin to tire.

When you have thoroughly exercised the right leg in this manner, perform the exercise similarly with the left leg.

Be careful, while raising the legs, not to allow the seat to leave the ground, otherwise the desired tension is not placed upon the muscles.

This is a first-class exercise for strengthening and developing all the muscles of the legs and hips. It also has a very beneficial effect upon the muscles in front of the abdomen, and, to some extent, benefits the muscles at the sides.

Walking is one of the best outdoor exercises for leg development, while cycling, horse-riding, football, and rowing with a sliding seat are also of great service in this direction.



PHYSICAL CULTURE ANSWERS.

J. M. (Manchester).—It is quite possible to increase the height by exercises which involve stretching. One of the best sports for your purpose is swimming.

W. S. B. (Bristol).—(1) The measurements given are very poor, but you will fill out a good deal yet. (2) To put on weight, secure plenty of sleep, avoid worry, eat as much as you can thoroughly digest, and take plenty of exercise of not too exhausting a character.

P. W. S. (Forest Gate).—The various systems of Physical Culture have their particular merits, and I do not propose to compare one with another.

S. M. (Manchester). — (1) Measurements fairly good for height, but there is room for plenty of development. (2) Twenty cigarettes a week is by no means an excessive amount to smoke.

J. M. (London, N.W.).—It is very inadvisable to have only two meals a day. You should arrange to have at least three, and preferably four.

A. D. (Farnborough).—While no admirers of the average American athlete, we do not think that his superiority over our men is due to trickery. He wins because he is far more painstaking over training, tactics, and detail than most of our men are.

R. J. T. (Southampton).—Your scheme of exercises is a good one, but add a few more for the legs.

W. S. (Bolton).—Molineaux was the first black man to win fame in the prize ring. He was a fine fighter, but thought he could do without training.

C. H. McD. (Accrington).—Have the corn removed by a chiropodist. You cannot expect to excel at running if your foot is painful.

A. J. (Lewes).—Skipping is excellent training for boxing, but should not be indulged in more than a few minutes at a time.

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As there is still time to enter the competition, readers will be keenly interested in the first ten questions, which have now been published. They are as follows:—

1.—Describe the purposes of Ledger, Journal, Day Book, and Cash Book.
2.—What is an Auditor?
3.—What is a Patent?
4.—What is a Balance Sheet?
5.—Why should a business house keep copies of all letters sent out?
6.—How would you deal with Postage Stamps in order to prevent petty pilfering of same?
7.—Your employer is a coal merchant in London. He receives a letter from Newcastle offering a consignment of coal at a low price, which he decides to accept. Should he telephone, telegraph, or write in reply?
8.—Explain the difference between book-keeping by double entry and by single entry.
9.—What letter would you write to a customer whom you do not wish to offend, with regard to an account three months overdue?—letter not to exceed 100 words.
10.—Your employer is going abroad on business for six months. How can he empower you to manage his affairs whilst he is away?

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And lest you should think these questions hard or should imagine them beyond you, let it at once be said that you can easily find their answers in the Business Encyclopædia, which you can obtain for a first payment of 1s. 6d. only. Thus, even if any question is outside your own experience, you are just as well off as the man who has spent all his life in that work. We do not want a man who knows everything; we want the man who knows how to find any information he may lack, and who can show that he knows how to apply it.

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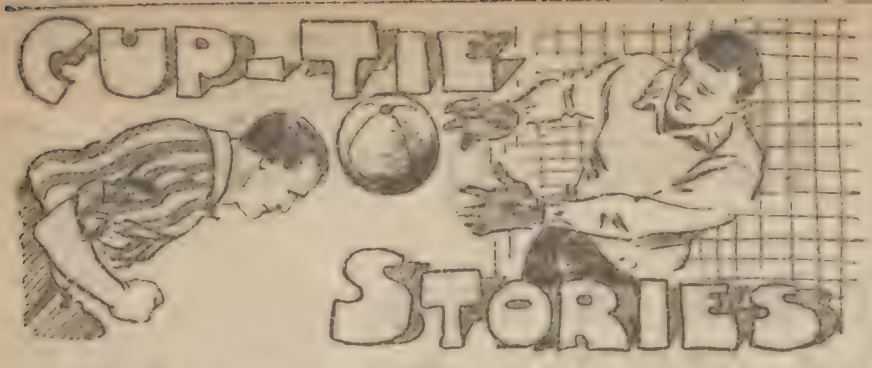

POINTS FOR THE FOOTBALL ENTHUSIAST.

We are now in the midst of the competition proper for the Football Association Cup. For some months past there have been matches played which are actually Cup-ties, but hardly anybody calls them by that glorious title. They have been only the eliminating stages, games in which the little tin-pot teams all over the country are weeded out, to leave the field to the big combinations who do battle in the competition proper.

The Cup-ties date back to 1872, and during the first seven years of their inauguration a remarkable record was made by the famous Wolverhampton Wanderers, who won it five times, three of these wins being in direct succession. In 1878, by virtue of these three successive wins, the "Wolves" became absolutely entitled to the trophy; but, showing a distinctly sportsmanlike spirit, they gave it back to the Football Association, making only one condition.

This was that no other team should be allowed to claim it outright, or, in other words, that it should remain in the possession of its last winner only until the club in question sustained defeat in a subsequent competition.

OLD ETONIAN RECORDS.

It is interesting in these days of professionalism, when the winner every year is bound to be a pro. team, to find that the Old Etonians at one time used to do big things in the Cup-ties.

They were the winners in 1879 and 1882, and were the runners-up in 1875, 1876, 1881, and 1883. When we consider that to survive the first two rounds of the Cup competition proper is supposed to be a very great feather in a club's cap (and, quietly, entitles every player in the team to a substantial bonus), we can readily see how big was the record of the Old Etonians. Nowadays, however, since the deplorable split between the F.A. and the A.F.A., and even a little before it, the feeling of the highest-class amateur elevens has been rather against the Cup competition; and such teams as "Old Boys" clubs or the Corinthians would not turn out for it now.

LORD KINNAIRD AS A PLAYER.

With regard to the match in the first round of the Cup-ties of 1876 between the Wanderers and the Old Etonians, when the latter won the game, it is an interesting fact that the Old Etonians were assisted by Lord Kinnaird (then the Hon. A. F. Kinnaird), who afterwards became the President of the Football Association. The noble footballer belonged to both clubs at the time, and elected to turn out for his old school.

Despite the enormous amount of interest that is evinced by the public in the Cup-ties, it is a well-known fact among experts that the standard of play in such matches is far below that seen on an average in, say, contests in the First or Second Divisions of the English League or the Southern League. In fact, Cup-tie football has become proverbial, even among casual spectators, as expressing a game characterised more by violent rushing and charging than by actual football science.

FOULKE'S OPINION.

In this connection a good story is told of Foulke, the famous Sheffield United and Chelsea goalkeeper, who has been out of the field and in business on his own account for some years now. He was watching a big Cup-tie in the North the year before last. It was an even more scrambling one than usual, and Foulke's neighbour on the stand commented on this fact.

"Ay," said the burly ex-goalkeeper, "it's not football at ail; but just coop and ball—wi' t' accent on t' word 'coop'!"

Every footballer aspires to play in a Cup-tie, and especially in a final; and medals are given to such fortunate players to commemorate those respective achievements. A notable instance is Sandy Tait, late of Tottenham Hotspur, whose number of Cup-tie medals is believed to be bigger than that of any living player.

W. PAGE.

SWINDLES.—*Continued from page 542.*

tion concerning such matters of detail that ruins promising swindlers—and even experienced criminals not all-free from reproach in this respect.

I posted all my letters together. Allowing myself a tude as to the capital sum mentioned, according to calculation as to the degree of gullibility it would be to assume in various cases rather than by length of MS., is the gratifying intelligence that about a hundred auth received next day, eighty of them being first notified the increased business of the Consolidated Union had cessitated removal to more spacious offices "as above."

I might have had paper printed with fresh headings, it was not necessary to go to the expense, and the fact that was the old paper, altered, was proof that it was the sa concern.

WELCOME NEWS.

Mr. Bevington Dexter was glad to advise him or her th he had disposed of his or her work, story, or poem, entitl So-and-so, to the Editor of So-and-so, or the well-know publishers Messrs. So-and-so, for the sum of So-and-so. cheque for this amount made out in favour of the auth in his or her name, payable to order, was in the hands Mr. Bevington Dexter, and would be forwarded on recei of his or remittance for so much, being 15 (fifteen) p cent. of the purchase money, in accordance with the terms forth in the advertisements and prospectus of the Co solidated Union of Authors.

How the fishes rose to the bait! How they swallowe it! How those remittances rolled in: If I told you how few of those overjoyed scribblers failed me, you wouldn believe me, for you don't know the silly world as I know it. And yet—come to think of it—don't you think that if you been one of my selected "clients" you would have bee caught too.

The aggregate of P.O.'s, P.O.O.'s, cheques, and c by registered post made up a "bag" of nearly £70. I sh the splosh in Paris, being absent from my old haunts f some time. Having fished the stream, I took—my hook.

[*Another of these revelations will be printed next week.* —EDITOR.]

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THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CHAUFFEUR

IN THE MOTOR BUSINESS, AS ELSEWHERE, THERE IS AN ARMY OF INCOMPETENTS.

It is the custom nowadays to look upon the motor-driver, whether in private employment, in charge of a taxi, or working in a garage, as a more than ordinarily prosperous person, and, though, in a measure, this idea is correct, it is not entirely so.

The writer made a pilgrimage recently to the headquarters of various motoring associations, and also to different garages, where he made inquiries of the workers, and elicited some interesting information. The chauffeur, he found, was no exception to the ordinary rule that governs other callings; he is not without his grievances. He complains, and quite justly, that the market of chauffeurs, which could once be relied upon comfortably to keep a man in bread and cheese and the lesser luxuries of life, is now becoming swamped with incompetents, who insist on an equal wage with more experienced men, and who, unfortunately, are lucky enough to get it in a great many cases.

On the whole, however, the tendency of such men is to undercut the market and render it difficult for the skilled man to earn as much money as he formerly could.

COMPETENCE AND INCOMPETENCE.

There are chauffeurs *and* chauffeurs. There is the man who can just steer and no more (the more numerous proportion), and there is the man who cannot only drive, but who is also a skilled motor mechanic. With such a man nothing ever goes wrong, for he is a master of every intricacy of his car's mechanism. Yet these two men earn, in many cases, the same amount of money!

Let us consider how the skilled chauffeur learns his trade. If he is the son of moderately well-off people, he will probably be able to persuade his parents to pay a premium for him to some motor firm. This varies from £50 to £100, or even more, according to the status of the firm in question.

In consideration of this, the pupil is taught the construction and management of a car, and at the same time is treated with more consideration than the ordinary worker in the garage—more after the fashion of an articled clerk in a solicitor's office.

LOOKING TO THE BUSINESS SIDE.

This sort of man, however, hardly ever goes in for the trade with the idea of becoming a chauffeur proper. His object is more often to obtain, in course of time, some proportion of the business-management of a garage. Such a post appeals strongly to most youngsters, for salaries are generally good, and such a man is generally allowed to potter about in one of the firm's cars in his off-hours and holidays, provided he pays for the petrol. He can thus enjoy all the feelings—or almost all—of a wealthy motorist, at a very slight outlay, and his success with the fair sex whom he can invite to go for jaunts "in his car," arouses feelings of bitter envy in the breasts of equally well-paid men in other professions.

It is not of this type of man, however, that this article really deals, but rather with the man of little or no means who wishes to become a skilled chauffeur without paying a premium. In his case the way is by no means so pleasant, but, in justice to him let it be said that this sort of man generally goes far along it, despite its lack of attractions.

LEARNING WHILE BEING PAID.

He should start early, for preference as soon as he leaves school, at about fourteen or fifteen. He should, if possible, secure a job as a sort of general utility boy in a repair shop, where, though he will get little or no money, he will, as a result of helping to clean cars and standing by with accessories while a practised man is repairing them, learn fairly thoroughly the complexities of their construction. Then, when he is considered sufficiently advanced, he will be promoted to the position of "mate" to a qualified mechanic, and will be able to learn more and more. All this while he will have been assimilating wrinkles in driving, and in the course of jaunts with his senior, will probably have persuaded the latter to let him have the wheel for a few minutes in places where the road has been clear.

On the whole, such a boy's apprenticeship lasts for about two, or more often, three years; but those years are well spent. At the age of eighteen or so we find him installed in the garage, where he has served his apprenticeship, receiving payment at the rate of from 4½d. to 6d. an hour, and working, on an average, nine hours a day.

Counting out the possibility of working on Sundays, which he will often be called upon to do, we find his salary alone amounts to either £1 0s. 3d. or £1 7s. per week; but in a garage there are all sorts of other ways in which a man may quite legitimately add to his income.

SUBSTANTIAL GRATUITIES.

Few motorists, for instance, buy a car without being taken out for a spin in it by a driver of the company, and at the conclusion of such a spin it is customary to tip the driver any sum from five shillings to half a sovereign.

Thus at an early age a worker in a good motor garage earns between £1 10s. and £2 a week. As he gets on in years and experience he will earn about £3 10s. weekly, exclusive of what he picks up in tips and in other ways.

This type of man is a motor mechanic. Now we come to the simple "driver"—a man who is looked upon more or less askance in the trade, for the reason that he is gradually but surely spoiling it.

He is the man, generally no longer young, who has failed in some other profession, very often as a clerk or a shop assistant, and who has been attracted by the alluring advertisement of some driving school into becoming a "chauffeur."

FEE-SNATCHING SCHOOLS.

There are some motor schools which teach their pupils elementary mechanics as well as driving, and so turn out useful men; but, alas! there is a very much larger number which take men in for a few weeks only, for a trifling sum, and teach them little more than how to steer.

They then tell their finished product to answer advertisements offering posts as drivers in private employment, and advise him to ask for about £2 a week and his board and lodging. This he very often gets, for motorists are not as exacting as they should be, and thus the market is swamped by the ever-increasing number of motor schools with incompetents who cut the ground from under the feet of skilled men.

Said a representative of a well-known motor firm to the writer: "Recently I was staying at the country house of a friend who has several cars, and I noticed that his chauffeur seemed incompetent. So I asked him how he learned. 'In a school, sir,' he answered. 'How long were you there?' I inquired. 'Three weeks, sir,' was his answer.

"That sort of man," went on my informant, "is the cheap chauffeur, who is infinitely more expensive to his employer than a skilled mechanic would be at £5 a week.

"To do any good at a motor school," he concluded, "it is my contention that a man should stay there at least a year."

C. F. MATTHESON.

IN THE GRIP OF DRINK

If you have acquired the habit of going into public-houses and having a drink all by yourself, it is a sign that drinking in your case has passed the social or convivial stage and has become a craving.

The alcohol you are absorbing is destroying your nerves, eating away the coating of your stomach, ruining your career, making you unable to enjoy the pleasures of life like other people.

You know this, but you cannot free yourself from its hold, for your will-power is weakened. With my help, however, you can be a free man again. Think of the saving to your pocket, the benefit to your health! Send for my wonderful curative system to-day; it costs you only half-a-crown, and you will feel a different man in a week. Strictest privacy observed. Mention THE MODERN MAN, enclose a postal order for 2s. 6d., crossed "& Co.," and my cure will be sent at once.

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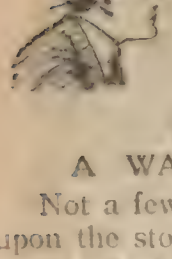

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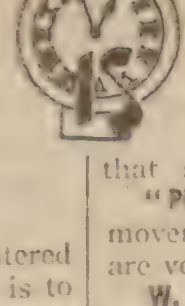

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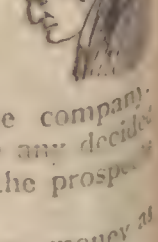


BUSINESS PROMISES.

A WARNING TO THE INEXPERIENCED.

Not a few men—especially young men who have entered upon the stormy sea of business with a capital which is to some extent composed of energy and hope, as well as hard cash and knowledge—make life much harder for themselves than it would be if they were less anxious to please everybody and to do as everybody desires.

One of the pitfalls of business life, for an inexperienced man, is his liability to promise more than he can perform with commercial safety.

Perhaps an account is due or overdue. The creditor comes to get his money, and the young business man, anxious, above all things, to appear entirely solvent, cashy says, "Oh, that shall reach you in seven days' time; it is all arranged."

He speaks out of the fullness of his confidence; but without due thought. Seven days hence seems such an age, and "anything" might happen before then. If for "anything" we substitute "nothing," we shall be right more often than not.

The seventh day comes round, and the young business man has either to cripple himself, or break his word.

Now there is scarcely a man so unreasonable that he will not compromise on most matters of business. It should be the aim, therefore, of all business beginners to make use of this willingness to compromise, taking care never to strain the patience of a customer or a creditor to such an extent that further business becomes impossible.

P. GILLOTT.

FINANCE.

(In this section we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

The coal ballot is in favour of a strike, and has strengthened the hands of the men's leaders, but the prevailing opinion of thinking people is that satisfactory terms will be arrived at without a strike. If this is so, Home Rails will go up with a bound, as there are a great many "bears" in the market.

Districts have fallen on the week, but with a settlement of the arrangements for the amalgamation of the Underground Electric Railways with the General Omnibus Company, the rise will continue, and with up-to-date 'busses acting as feeders for all the railway stations the business will be greatly increased.

Moreover, the East London electrification ought also to bring a considerable traffic to the District, and speculative investors are on two really promising "deals" in Districts and East Londons.

Canadian Pacifics are on the down grade, and ought to go much lower. I still advise my readers to buy Trunk Thirds and sell Canadas.

Americans have enjoyed a mild slump during the week, and I think prices look like going still lower, as the latest trade reports from the States are not encouraging.

The excellent figures of "business booked" by the Steel Trust did not help the market much, neither did the great decrease in stocks of Copper for December.

Rubber shares have been a strong market, and the leading shares are being "talked" higher. Oil shares have also been better and may go further; but I consider the Rubber market the safer investment.

Kaffirs are in the usual dull condition.

Camp Bird shares are better, and are still good to buy.

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

P. R. (Northampton).—Yes; I think the selection is a good one. By purchasing now you would get registered in time for the dividend.

A. J. L. (Maidenhead).—(a) Better left alone; (b) a fair investment; (c) very risky.

X. F. (Lewis).—Not much market at present; but I hear that some good people are interested in the company.

"PERCY" (Dundee).—I do not expect to see any decided movement for some time to come; but think the prospects are very good.

W. N. T. (Chichester).—Far better to leave your money as at present invested than make the suggested exchange.

D. H. (Peebles).—The shares are a good purchase; they are ex-dividend.

H. C. (Kilcoo).—Sorry I cannot trace the company you inquire about. If you will send me the certificate I shall make further inquiries.

"CURIOUS" (Stirling).—What is called "making price" is the naming by the jobber of two quotations, at one of which he will buy, and sell at the other. The margin between the two depends entirely upon the security selected.

E. G. (Acton Town).—If you can obtain anything near cost price, I should advise you to sell.

"GABRIEL" (Boston).—According to particulars in reference books, Nos. 1, 2, and 5 look fairly promising as back-up investments. You are bound to pay the calls. Nos. 4 and 5 ought to be sold if you can get anything like the price you paid.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

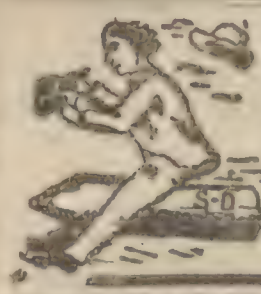
ENVELOPE FLAPS.

There is a double purpose in having the name of a firm and the address printed or stamped upon the flap of the envelopes used in the business.

In the first place, even this acts as a sort of advertisement.

The principal purpose of such a usage, however, is that the letter, if it cannot for any reason be delivered to the person to whom it is addressed, can be returned to the sender without the necessity of being opened first. This is never pleasant either for the opener or the writer.

It sometimes happens that one uses an envelope, with a firm's name and address on the flap, for a letter that is not on that firm's business. In this case it is always advisable to put the pen through the name before posting it. If it is undelivered it will then be opened and returned to the sender, and not to the firm.



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MR. STAY-IF-POSSIBLE

A RACING STORY.

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

Mother's gifts, as the proverb says, are good gifts, and if those of the bookmaker are not good, they at least combine the qualities of being useful to the punter as well as a fine advertisement to the bookmaker.

If you wish to establish a pretty collection of pocket-books, write for rules to various bookmakers, and you will receive by return, in nine cases out of ten, a gilt-edged memorandum, bound in the very best Russia leather, and containing compartments for stamps, bank-notes, and visiting-cards.

Pause, however, to think how he can afford to give these little things away, and all will be well with you. Not that the biggest sharp who runs a heads-I-win-tails-you-lose business ever commits the grave error of sending out his rules in any half-got-up tawdry binding, and the reason is that the fraternity know full well that it is unwise to spoil the mug for the sake of a ha'porth of gilt rim.

Rules contained between red and flimsy cardboard covers, such as a man sets down his washing in, would hoodoo the thing (as the exiles from the wagerless tracks of the United States of America say) for all time.

"Mr. Bookbinder," says the metallician, "let's have a Russia leather cover in best style, with a crest embossed in the corner, and the rules inscribed on the finest quality paper, with gilt edges. After all, the rule I shall have printed unobtrusively on one of those pages, 'I reserve the right to refuse the whole or part of any commission,' will suffice if the advertisement shows no profit, and brings only backers of jobs that pop up at hundred-to-sixes."

Such treatment, of course, befalls one only at the hands of those whom their brother brushes term unscrupulous commission agents—those Mr. Stay-if-possibles who set up business with an office furnished on the hire-purchase system, a trusting landlord, plenty of stationery, owed for at a confiding printer's, Russia leather books of rules, and enough beer and billiards money to carry them through until th. first cheques come rolling in.

Now in the sporting world one is not proud, and even those who are strict and unfailing Monday settlers must remember that to the racing man who is needy, the public in general—the gullible, green, easy, and much-to-be-pitied public—is legitimate game.

Wherefore I must admit that the Mr. Stay-if-possible whom I knew was one whom I never passed by on the other side, although I well knew that only the fact of my being at that time "one of the boys" prevented him from soliciting my custom, and, if bad luck beat him, unblushingly moving to pastures new.

He started fair once, with a lot of addresses sold him by a clerk in a reputable commission agent's office, and sent to each one the inevitable book of rules and several other little ground-baiting trinkets, of which more anon.

He obtained no less than forty clients right off, and, it being a week of surprises, he found at the end of the week that every client owed him something, and he had £230 odd to come.

He told me about this on the Saturday night. He became liberal over four pennyworth of Dunville that I made no bones about standing him, together with a shilling cigar ("till Monday") to make him realise his prosperity.

"At last," said he, "I have an 'ope of becoming an honest man."

True enough, he admitted, he had "chanced it" that week, and laid off not a penny, as no agent of stability would have "stood" him. But Monday and the two hundred and thirty meant a new start for him on a business basis.

The name Stay-if-possible, always an alias, was, in effect, to be changed to Mr. Highly-Respectable.

But, alas! on the Monday not so much as a measly postal order from a half-crown punter was pushed in through the yawning letter-box that some speculative ironmonger had supplied on the nod. Nor did Tuesday show any result.

On Wednesday he came to me and admitted that his hopes of ever clicking for a penny-piece were entirely gone. The air that should have been resisting his joyful whistling was as thick as mud to his floored ambition.

Yet this man was something to be admired, for even at such a time of stress and strain he could prove himself a philosopher.

"Well," he said, slowly and unctuously, with crescendo adjectives, "I sent 'em all a dinky book of rules, a pretty bundle of toothpicks, a classy pencil with me name embossed on it, a smart little paper-knife, a neat packet of shaving-paper, and a stamped and addressed envelope. In fact, you might say that the Pears Soap Company, when they really start their publicity department going can only produce a maiden's sigh in comparison with my advertising work.

"Well, well,"—and here he struck a match and signified his return to penury by lighting a Wild Woodbine—"I suppose I hoped for too much. I happened to knock ap against some poor beggars on the same game as me—glad to receive if you win and can't pay if you lose. But it's no pastime for two to play at. And, anyway, they have my sincere sympathy. *Poor devils they've had a bad week.*"

LORD KITCHENER—PUNSTER.

Lord Kitchener has a greater sense of humour than is usually credited to him, and off duty he can be quite boyishly jolly.

During a visit to New Zealand he was taken round the sights by a famous Maori lady-guide, and among other places he was shown a cave to which the following veracious story attaches:

First be it premised that in the Maori language there are no swear words—if a Maori wishes to use "language" he resorts to English. In his own tongue if a Maori wants to cuss another he likens him to some article of food such as pork, rabbit, etc. In the old days this was a deadly insult to be wiped out in blood only.

Long ago a Maori chief called another a mutton-chop, or something like that, and then fled to the bush, where he found the cave in question. For three years he remained undiscovered, but eventually his enemy found him, and, according to the merry custom of the times, cut off his head and lunched on his brains.

This was the tale told to Lord Kitchener by the lady-guide, and as soon as she had finished the great man turned round and said solemnly: "Ah, then I suppose it would be highly dangerous to call a Maori lady a little duck!"

"Keen appetite and good digestion" are

essentially youthful characteristics, well worth maintaining as one grows older. The habit of taking Mustard regularly at meals is one of the best means of maintaining this splendid condition. Let the Mustard be the best, let it be

Colman's mustard

D. S. F.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required, a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

E. T. (Felling-on-Tyne).—Any artists' colourman will supply you with handbooks on the subject of black and white drawing, but there is not much that can be learned. The technical points are simple, but you must know how to draw, and that is a gift, and cannot be taught.

H. B.—Many thanks. The dog seems to be a sportsman, too. You did not give us your address or we should have thanked you by letter.

NO ADDRESS.—A reader in Ipswich, and another in Nottingham have sent us orders for fountain pens, but have not forwarded their names and addresses. Will they please do so?

H. R. (Sheffield).—(1) It is practically impossible to obtain a job as an Inspector of Weights and Measures, although it is easy to qualify for the post. (2) We do not know whether the "Queen's Own" is in need of recruits. Better consult the local sergeant-major.

A. C. (Tufnell Park).—There is very little art in carrying a walking-stick. Your trouble is due to your not being in the habit of using one; the awkwardness will soon wear off. Remember never to carry your stick horizontally when walking in town, as you may jab someone with it.

"LOSING HAZARD" (Stoke).—If a billiard ball stops on the edge of a pocket and then falls in from vibration, it must be replaced. On the other hand, if it balances momentarily on the edge and then falls in, it is not replaced.

E. B. R. (Bedford Park).—The essential golf clubs, which, by the way, should not be called "sticks," are driver, brassie, cleek, iron, mashie, putter, and niblick. On inland courses, where there are no sand bunkers, a niblick may be dispensed with.

C. C. L. (Leicester).—The address of the secretary of the Scottish Clerks' Union is 81, St. George's Place, Glasgow.

D. M. (Edinburgh).—For an afternoon wedding wear a morning-coat or a frock-coat. By all means have a buttonhole.

F. H. P. K. (Darlington).—The honorary secretary of the Newcastle MODERN MAN Club is Mr. G. F. Jeffreyes, Ridley Cottage, Back Ridley Villas, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

G. T. V. (Lincoln).—It is not necessary to have a stretcher on your trouser-press, although some men find such an addition useful.

H. R. (Bedford).—Ladies may join the League and wear the badge if they desire to do so, but they must remember that the wearing of the badge gives another member the right to speak to them without introduction.

J. F. (Kilmarnock).—From what you say, the people are humbugging you. Get a solicitor to write to them.

A. J. BAILEY, 123, Gloucester Terrace, W., wishes to correspond with League members abroad.

B. R. H. (Sydney).—We are interested to learn that you have an ice skating-rink in Sydney. The type of boot to be used in skating is largely a matter of personal fancy, but one with a low heel is usually preferred. It is certainly advisable to grease the blades after use, in order to keep them from rusting.

"KORDOFAN" (Bangor).—In spite of the fact that you are left-handed, it will probably be better for you to learn to play golf right-handed, as you have to start from the beginning anyhow.

H. T. (Liverpool).—You could probably get a book in your local library on the subject of canoe-building.

F. W. (Kentish Town).—The art plates to which you refer are out of print. We warned our readers at the time that they ought to take advantage of our offer while it lasted.

G. D. T. (Coventry).—You will find the titles of several of the books you require in the catalogue issued by Messrs. Foyle, 135, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C. Their prices for second-hand books are very attractive, and they allow 25 per cent. discount for new books, except those that are net.

T. W. (Bradford).—Wear a black tie with a dinner-jacket, as it is an informal garment.

W. D. (Clapham).—If you are leaving the country you should be able to obtain your discharge from the Territorial Force without having to pay for it, but much depends upon your company commander. He could make things right for you if he is satisfied with the reason you give.

R. T. F. (Walton), **T. B.** (Inverness), **E. G. S.** (Blackheath), **A. B. J.** (Luton), **G. McL.** (Dumbarton), **D. S.** (Belfast), **T. H. F.** (Portsmouth).—Best thanks to you.

RESULT OF OUR THIRD RECOMMENDATION SCHEME.

The following are the names and addresses of the readers who have secured the awards in connection with our Third Recommendation Scheme.

The bicycle goes to Mr. J. FYFE, care of Miss G[illegible], 24, Garland Place, Dundee.

A course of lessons in Physical Culture, by Messrs. Maxick and Saldo, has been awarded to each of the following: Messrs. T. BLAKE, 2, Dunollie Road, Kentish Town, London, N.W.; F. WATSON, 36, Church Street, Preston; and F. HOLMES, 60, Marshall Street, Bradford.

A high-class gramophone has been awarded to each of the following: Messrs. J. BATE, Yawl House, Uplyme, Lyme Regis, Dorset; J. W. MAYBURY, Adel Reformatory, Leeds; F. TAIT, 8, Northfield Villas, Rosmead Street, Mewbridge Road, Hull; J. BAINES, 22, Cross Street, Morecambe; H. MENDS, 4, Penllyn Road, Canton, Cardiff; and W. SMITH, 14, Myrtle Avenue, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham.

The following six readers are entitled to the free service of the National Tailoring and Repairing Co.: Messrs. PEEVER, 18, Sloane Gardens, Chelsea, London, S.W.; GARDINER, 63, Seaton Street, Chelsea, S.W.; S. A. LAM[illegible], 107, Claude Road, Roath, Cardiff; G. SPINDLER, 29, Church Street, Preston, Lancs.; A. G. GREEN, 22, St. Andrews, [illegible]bridge; and D. BARFOOT, 31, Dock Street, North Woolwich.

An Unbay Patent Pipe has been awarded to each of the following: Messrs. J. F. CHAPLIN, care of Meldrum's Cafe, Nottingham; W. CALVERT, 13, Mills Street, Oldham, Lancashire; R. BALM, 32, Broad Oak Street, Corporation Road, Nottingham; F. LANCASTER, 110, Broad Oak Road, Parr, St. Helens, Lancs.; A. KENNELL, 86, Sandwell Road, [illegible] Bromwich, Staffs; and T. G. HAY, 65, Oxford Street, Ripley, Derbyshire.

ENSIGNS.

Only yachts of the Royal Yacht Squadron and above a certain tonnage may fly the White Ensign of the Royal Navy.

The Royal Thames, Royal London, and Royal Western Yacht Clubs have the privilege of flying the Blue Ensign.

Other clubs fly the Red Ensign.

Flags must be hoisted at 8 a.m. and hauled down at sunset.

OUR CELEBRATED LAUGHTER-MAKERS.

A few of our "Nice Place" postcards, deftly dropped in suitable spots, will afford you endless amusement. We shall send you a supply, free of all cost, if you forward a large stamped addressed envelope to "Nice Place," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League badge gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1[illegible]
Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1[illegible]
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge ..	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge ...	1[illegible]
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain.....	1[illegible]

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 6s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

The League Badge Actual Size.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

THE PACE THAT NEARLY KILLED

AN OFFICE STORY.

By C. H. WELLOCK.

Nobody could help taking to young Simpson. He was frank and open-handed, with every bit of his fair share of animal spirits, boisterous humour, and a love of a "good time." Moreover, he always seemed to have plenty of money, plenty of good ideas for an evening's amusement, and was always willing to join in with the rest of the clerks at any after-hours' project that offered even the remotest chance of a serious rupture in the monotonous round of toil at the desk.

Thus it happened that by the time he had been a month or two in his berth, and the trying stiffness of the new surroundings had worn off, he was quite a popular member, and had made a definite place for himself in the little republic of good fellowship.

It was natural that he should take most kindly to the man at whose elbow he sat. This was Austin, who in his way was equally likeable, but of an entirely different type and calibre. You could meet Austin twenty thousand times without knowing him if he did not desire that you should know him.

His highest virtue was his great ideal of what one pal's duty to another should be. Quiet, even cold, he was in reality a man who had immense reserves of friendship, resource, real downright goodness in him, and physically he was as strong as a horse.

Simpson would keep up a running fire of friendly gossip for half the day, and Austin would scarcely turn his head once or even smile; and yet, when they were out for lunch together—a practice they had insensibly fallen into—he would put off his reserve and rag his younger pal with friendly banter.

Seeing much of Simpson, Austin soon began to feel that he could not keep up with his friend's demands. Simpson would spend money far more freely than the other was able to do. He would burn the candle at both ends and generally make things lively whenever he was free from the cares of business; and Austin, knowing the amount of the other man's salary, wondered long and pondered deeply. How was it done?

It seemed to him that it was all a knack of management, a facility in laying out even eighteenpence to the best advantage, or at least with the biggest return, in whatever was the desire of the hour.

"But perhaps," he would say to himself, "Simpson has private means," and so he disposed of the matter. He could not for a moment suppose that Simpson was anything but the very soul of honour—not, at least, till one evening, when he was stupified and horribly disappointed to see a little incident.

Simpson, having balanced his petty-cash book, was setting his desk in order, and at the last moment quite openly and casually took from the cash-box something or other in the form of money. Austin, had he been called on to do so at that moment, could have sworn it was gold.

With a great effort he affected not to have seen anything, and tried to force himself to believe that, after all, the incident was capable of an innocent explanation, and that it was merely a matter of change of coins. How did he know that Simpson had not previously put in silver from his own pocket for the gold he took out?

Nevertheless, he thought again and again of the incident, and spent an uneasy evening. He refused Simpson's invitation to meet him at Horton's, have a steak and a bottle of beer, and then go on to the opening night of the Merry-makers' season at the Star Theatre.

What Simpson really did that night nobody ever knew; but next morning his desk was unoccupied, and a note arrived saying he had been taken ill overnight, and was unfit for work that day. Austin, as a matter of course, took over Simpson's duties.

On the following morning Simpson was thrown into a state of extreme alarm on receiving a note from Austin.

"I rather hesitate to ask you," wrote Austin, "but I think it is better, old man, that I should see you as soon as possible about an unhappy affair that has cropped up at the office." In the course of the rest of the letter Austin added: "The wretched business has, I fear, gone too far for it to be put right without great trouble. I am deeply sorry."

"Good heavens!" was all Simpson muttered as he lay in bed and read the letter again and again. Though Austin had not definitely connected him with this "unhappy affair at the office," his own guilty knowledge explained every vague passage in the letter, and enabled him to read between the lines much more than, possibly, even Austin knew.

For an hour or two his brain flitted from point to point as he lay in a confused, cold, miserable condition, now thinking of flight, now of going to the manager and begging for a second chance, and then scheming madly to put things right before the matter had become one for official investigation. But perhaps it was already beyond this point!

The shock of the discovery and the possible consequences completely bewildered him, and he spent the day in a terror of apprehension. Every postman's knock on the door was a horror. What might not a letter from headquarters contain! Every step at the door—at any moment he might be confronted with—yes, even arrest!

Thus, dreading each minute some final catastrophe, he yet longed to be back in the office to know the worst. Tomorrow he would return to work, though now he was, indeed, ill from sleeplessness, anxiety, and worry.

With a great effort he put on a nonchalant air as he entered the office next morning. His colleagues were as usual. They, apparently, had not yet heard of his disgrace. Austin, too, was as usual. They had not been able to meet since Austin had written that letter, and Simpson's suspense was agonising.

Yet work proceeded in the ordinary way, and still Simpson's agony of doubt and apprehension increased.

Before he was aware of it, a messenger stood at his side.

"Will you please take your books and cash to the manager's room."

With an outward calmness that covered a tearing, raging turmoil of misery, he answered the messenger, and began, with shaking hands, to collect his books and cash-box.

With a short, nervous sigh he entered the room, and found himself standing at the manager's side.

"We will run through the petty cash account," said the manager, after a reference to Simpson's indisposition, which, however, Simpson scarcely heard in his confusion.

The two men sat side by side, checking each page of the account.

More than once he was on the point of breaking down and ending the horrible ordeal by confessing everything.

At last! Dazed and uncomprehending, he heard the manager's voice. It seemed far away, and, surely, it seemed almost kindly!

"Thank you," he heard the manager say. "I'll just sign the book as correct."

What! Correct! A miracle! Oh!——

Then he remembered no more.

It was in his own bed that he returned to consciousness. Austin was in the room.

Somehow his hour or two of oblivion had brought a solution. Austin had given him a chance, and had put the money right.

Simpson put out a hand, and Austin took it.

"Now pull yourself together, old man," he said, firmly. "If I'd thought for a moment that you were at heart a wrong 'un you'd probably be in quod by now. I know quite well you meant to put it all back, but that's always put off until it is too late. It's not too late in your case."

Simpson gripped his friend's hand in both his own. "I wouldn't rob a soul," he faltered, and tears were in his eyes—tears of reaction, weakness, gratitude.

"Buck up and come back to work soon, old man. Good-bye."

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

ILL-DRESSED YANKEES.

The Earl of Tankerville, making a most unnecessary noise about it, has announced his intention of having his son and heir, Lord Ossulston, educated in America in preference to an English public school.

That, of course, is Lord Tankerville's business, but I feel sorry for the future peer should he become thoroughly Americanised and learn to dress like a Yankee.

With a few exceptions, the American is an ill-dressed man.

HIS AWFUL HATS AND TIES.

His boots are his strong point. Although not suited to the English climate, these are as a rule good, well made, and well kept. It is exceptional to see an American with shabby boots. But even when to these he adds a suit cut by a first-class English tailor, he almost invariably spoils the *tout ensemble* by wearing an awful tie and a truly shocking hat.

With a morning or frock coat the American will wear a cheap cotton tie of the pattern and size affected by the nigger minstrel, but it is his hat that is the limit. It is not merely that it is wildly eccentric in shape, but it is generally in the last stage of decay. The Yankee will spend money on his boots and his clothes, but when it comes to his hat he is content with an unclean thing that no self-respecting Petticoat Lane dealer would allow on his barrow.

HOME-MADE TIES.

Talking of ties, I dare say many of you are still suffering from ties presented by feminine relations at Christmas-time. Few women can be trusted to buy a tie that the average man would care to be found dead in a ditch with, but there is virtue in the home-made tie. It should be hand-knitted of silk, or mercerised cotton, and almost any quiet colour looks well, though, for goodness' sake, don't let "her" try to make one of mixed colours.

Saxe-blue is a charming shade, and goes well with practically any suit, though perhaps seen at its best in contrast with dark cloth.

Hosiers, of course, sell hand-knitted ties—and don't forget to charge you for them either—but, somehow or other, they always look shop-made, and in fact there is frequently more machine than hand about their construction.

MILITARY TAILORS.

A Territorial officer asks me whether I advise him to have his mufti—that is, plain clothes—made by a military tailor?

I do not, any more than I should advise him to go to a civilian tailor for his uniform.

The military tailor is an artist in his own line, but it is not his business to cut civilian clothes. He cuts them on the same lines as uniforms, and you can always tell the civilian suit that has been made by a military snip. This is undesirable. Whether you are Regular or Territorial, you do not want to advertise the fact when to all intents and purposes you cease to be a soldier and become a private individual.

Let the shoemaker stick to his last, and the military tailor to his proper business of making the King's uniform to perfection.

PASSING OF THE OPERA HAT.

The opera hat for evening wear is losing its place in popular favour, the well-dressed man now wearing his silk hat when at the theatre or other evening function.

Personally, I regret the passing of the opera hat.

THE CLOTHES HOSPITAL

is the NATIONAL TAILORING AND REPAIRING CO., they have been established since 1900, and are the largest and leading REPAIRING TAILORS in the United Kingdom.

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You must see an old suit or overcoat after being treated by our unique method, the result will surprise you. We have no need to publish testimonials, although we are able to show you many hundreds.
Send us a trial order and let us convince you what we can do. Pack up your clothes, and in three days you will be glad that you have acted on our advice.
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When the face tingles and burns after shaving, OATINE immediately soothes the irritated skin and relieves all tenderness.

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of Oatine Cream will be sent on application, or for 3d. in stamps a box containing eight of the Oatine preparations and book on Face Massage.
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MERITS OF THE LADDIZ CAP

Perfect ventilation = prevents loss of hair.
Perfect fit = smart appearance.
No pressure on head = absolute comfort.
Fits firmly = cannot blow off.

Send for one at once, as they are sure to please!
Prices—2/6, 3/6, 4/6 (post free).
Send size and colour, enclosing P.O., to the manufacturers—
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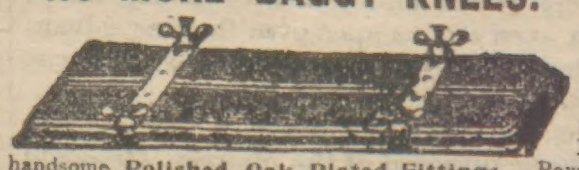
NO MORE BAGGY KNEES.



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Removes all bagginess. Gives an elegant crease.
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A RARE COMBINATION.

The finest Scotch and English materials, the most expert London cutters and tailors, and the best Bond Street styles. That is the great combination of goods, brains, skill and art that makes McKinley Tailoring supreme. Buy your Winter Overcoat or Suit from us and you will discover what clothes comfort really means. Also you will save money, for our prices compare most favourably with those of other firms.

OVERCOATS (to measure) - 25/- to 45/-
SUITS (to measure) - - 30/- to 50/-
BREECHES - - - 10/6 to 25/-
Carriage Paid. No Extras.

We return your money in full if you are not completely satisfied.

WRITE TO-DAY for our "Booklet MM." and our splendid range of Autumn and Winter Samples. They will be sent to you free together with copies of unsolicited testimonials from all parts of the world, Fashion Plates, Tape Measure, and the McKinley scientific Self-Measurement Chart which enables anyone to take measures as accurately as an experienced tailor.

We guarantee perfection of Fit, Style, & Workmanship.

Write or call—
C. & G. McKINLEY, Tailoring Specialists,
Tailoring Dept., 7, GRESHAM STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Folding up as it did, it was uncommonly convenient in crowded places, and would stand any amount of knocking about.

If you take a silk hat into a theatre you have either to stick it under the seat, where it will get kicked and dusty, or pay sixpence to have it taken care of in the cloakroom, where you will probably have to fight like a tiger to retrieve it after the performance.

I fancy the Gibus will not be out of favour for long.

"DON'T DRESS" INVITATIONS.

A correspondent asks me what he should wear when invited to dinner and told not to "dress," an invitation which if taken literally would surely lead to some funny scenes.

Frock-coat or morning-coat would be correct, but the form of the invitation really means come informally.

If you are a man who wears a frock-coat on state occasions only, to put it on for such a dinner party would be to make a function of the affair, which is precisely what it is meant not to be.

You are entitled to turn up in a light lounge suit, but blue serge or dark tweed is the best wear. A coloured shirt is quite in order.

RE-FITTING OLD SHIRTS.

Many a shirt is thrown away that is fit for further service. It is discarded because it is "gone" at the neck or cuffs or both, though the rest of it is perfectly good. Any shirtmaker or hosier will refit such a shirt with fresh neckband and cuffs at a moderate price, or you can buy the cuffs separately and have them sewn on by a sister, or a cousin, or an aunt.

In the case of coloured shirts there may be some difficulty in getting cuffs to match, but the solution is simple—have white cuffs, which will look quite well with a coloured "front." Coloured cuffs of a different pattern from the rest of the shirt, however, are an abomination.

TRYING ON SOCKS.

A man will, as a matter of course, try on a hat, a pair of boots, and often a pair of gloves, but he rarely thinks of trying on socks. Yet an ill-fitting sock is not only ugly—at least, when displayed with shoes or "pumps"—but most uncomfortable, and a fertile source of blisters and other pedal troubles.

Like boots and gloves, "sizes" in socks are not always to be relied upon, and by far the best plan is to try on your socks before buying them, allowing for the shrinkage that is inevitable in even the best of socks.

If this is too much trouble for you, a good rough-and-ready rule is that the foot of the sock should just meet when passed round the clenched fist and over the knuckles, but everybody's hands are not in true proportion to their feet.

By the way, for long or race walking there is nothing to beat the seamless sock of undyed wool with a separate stall for the big toe.

HARMONIOUS CAPS.

Now that overcoats, or rather ulsters, are so generally worn, it is smart to have a cap made of the same material as the coat, so that they harmonise. The average tailor, however, does not make good caps, and the best plan is to procure sufficient material from him and have it made into a cap by a regular hatter.

Men often spoil their appearance by wearing inharmonious caps.

A black and white check cap, for instance, goes well with a dark coat or suit, but does not match at all with brown.

TAKING OFF A CAP.

It is not easy gracefully to salute a lady when wearing a cap, but there is one gaucherie into which no well-bred man should fall.

I refer to the far too common practice in such circumstances of touching the cap, as if you were a groom or other subordinate, or of half-lifting it from the head, as if you were ashamed of acknowledging the lady's bow. You would not do so if you were wearing a "topper" or "bowler."

It is difficult to lift a cap satisfactorily by the peak; the best way is to grasp a handful of the crown. Held thus, it should be swept right off the head. Except when in uniform, a man salutes by uncovering his head; there must be no half measures about it.

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Never before, in the whole history of journalism, has any paper offered to its readers a gold-pointed Fountain Pen at such a low price as we are charging.

We are enabled to do so because our circulation benefits directly by the twelve coupons which you have to enclose, by the fact that the copies you give away bring us new readers, and by the name of the paper appearing on the Pen itself.

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with 14-carat solid gold nib will be sent post free to any address for

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For a whole week, without any cost to yourself, without the need of parting with a penny, you may enjoy the strength and health-giving value of Mr. Sandow's Wonderful Invention, the Sandow Spring-Grip Dumb-Bell, which helps you to gain not only greater strength, but more-finely-developed physical proportions. Their use entails no violent exertion, they may be adapted for use by women and children as well as the sturdiest man.

It is only necessary to fill in and forward the coupon below as directed to at once receive a pair of the famous Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells for **seven days' free home trial.** There is nothing to pay. Simply send the coupon, and the Dumb-Bells are at once posted, carriage paid, to your door.

With each pair of Dumb-Bells is sent Two Charts of Exercises, one showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, the other showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, woman or girl, together with hints on how, when, and where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information, by following which every reader can not only prove his or her strength and general physique, but likewise safeguard and improve the health.

These charts have been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of Dumb Bells, and are obtainable alone with this health and strength-giving invention.

You need not keep the Dumb-Bells after seven days unless you wish, but if, after using these Dumb-Bells **for Seven Days Free,** you decide to keep them, send us deposit of 2/6, and promise to pay the remainder of the price at the rate of 2/6 per month, which only means the small sum of ONE PENNY PER DAY.

The few minutes' exercise daily with the splendid apparatus will give you health, strength, and stamina. They will give to woman fuller grace of figure, encouraging beauty of form; to men greater dignity and distinction, and to both a splendid feeling of well-being and virility. Exercise with the Dumb-Bells, which should be a regular process by every member of the family for at least five minutes per day, quickly develops the muscles of the arms, deepens and strengthens the chest; whilst exercises are also included for developing the leg muscles and improving the general physique so that you may keep strong, healthy, and happy.

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Date.....191 .

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Suitable for age 18 and upwards.

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Signed..... *Age*.....

Address.....

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